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– THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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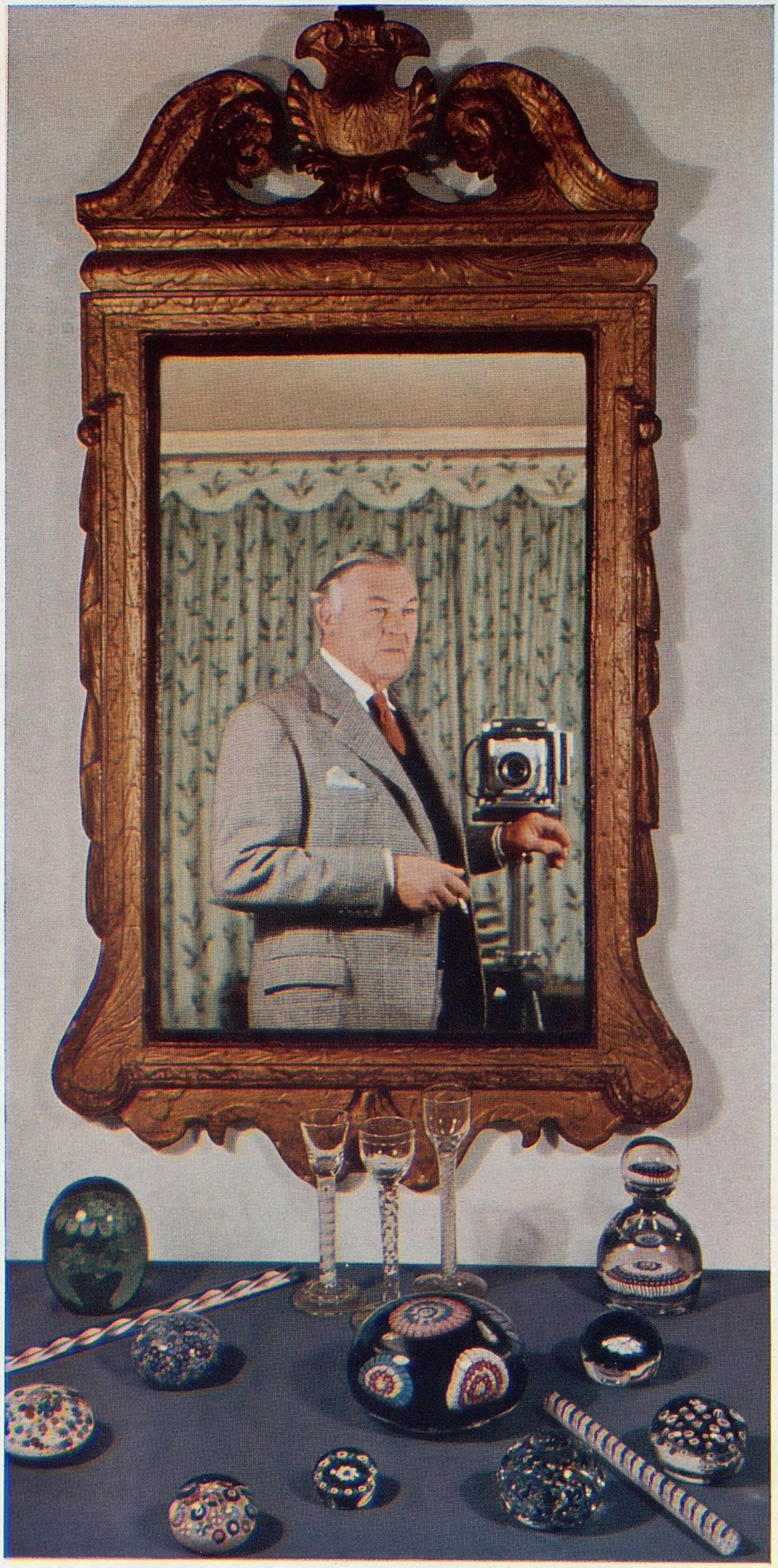
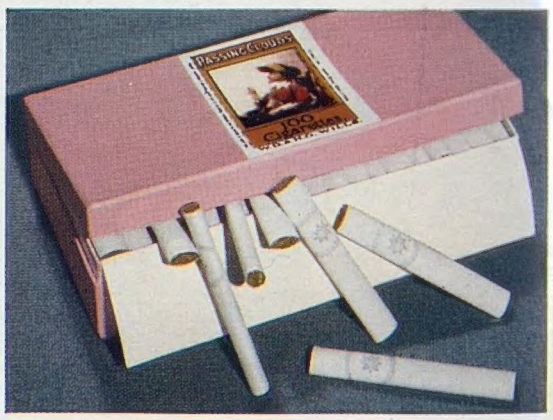


A man— his hobby— and a very personal cigarette

HERE's a man of originality—Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bart., lifetime amateur photographer who has recently made it his profession. You've probably admired the originality of his work in well-known magazines.

Sir Geoffrey is a noted collector of rare and beautiful objects. Here, in his lovely Hertfordshire home, is his collection of rare glass paper-weights, some over 100 years old.

Knowing his individual turn of mind, you won't be surprised when he offers you his very personal choice in cigarettes. Larger than usual, oval in shape though Virginian-flavoured, and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—the cigarettes in that unmistakable pink box.



20 for 4/6 100 for 22/6

Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright is always happy to talk about his collection of glass paper-weights. "This is the mille fiori design," he says. "The hardest to track down have a single flower or butterfly. Once, you could buy them for a few shillings; now, they can sell for £200!" As he talks you can sense the firm streak of originality in his character. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'll say "rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll offer you "Passing Clouds."

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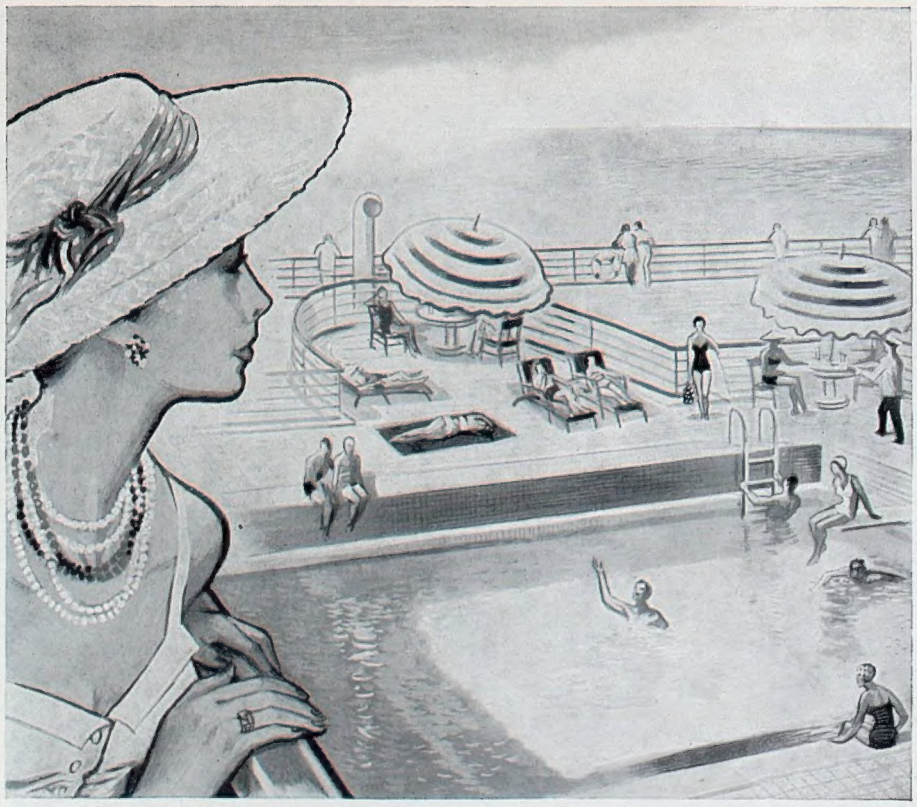

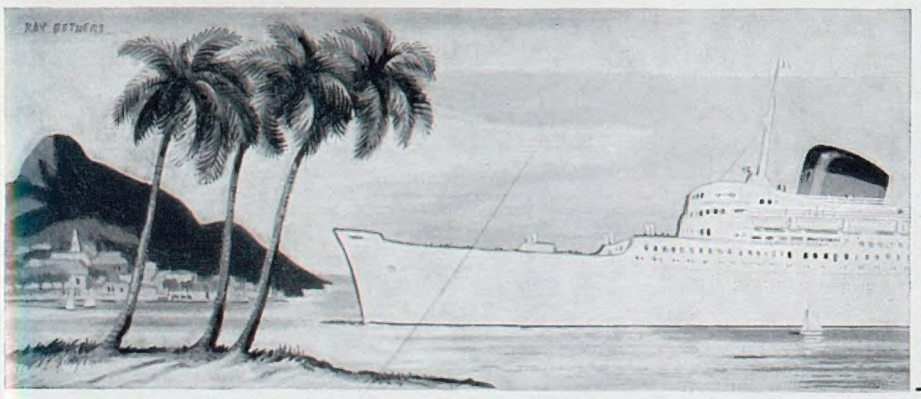

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there is nothing to equal a voyage
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Two splendid liners, the immensely popular "Colombie" (13,803 tons gr.) and the new, luxurious "Antilles" (20,419 tons gr.) — the largest, fastest and unquestionably the finest ship regularly serving the West Indies — sail every two to three weeks from Southampton.

The November, January and February sailings of the "Antilles" will include calls at Kingston, Jamaica, especially for those from England who winter in Jamaica.

French Line

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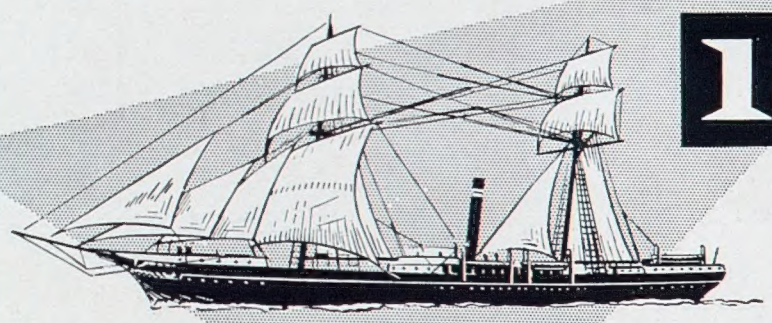

1856 1956

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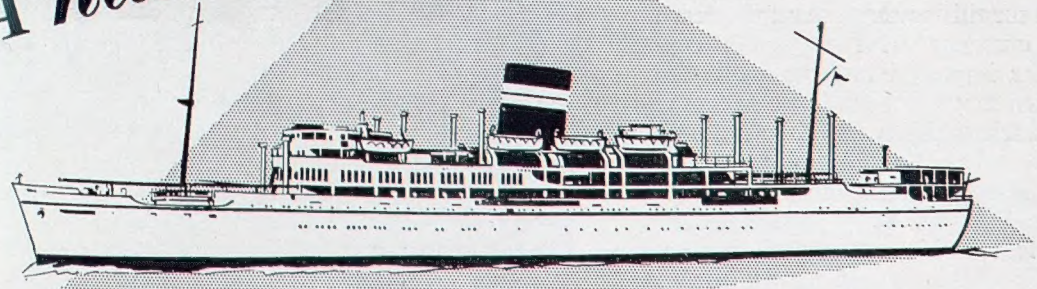

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An admixtion* of talent

THE AVERAGE cinema-goer is a good critic. He knows what he likes; and in this country what he likes is a well-made film. The heart-warming proof is there in the cold figures of the box-office.

He may attribute the impression made by a good film to one particular excellence : the fact that it is based on a best-selling novel ; the performance of a favourite star. These things matter. But they do not stand alone. A novel must be turned into a shooting script. An actor must work under a director. Many, many talents combine to make a great film and a prosperous, *exporting* industry; or at least a potentially prosperous one.

What talents do we in fact possess ? In Britain we have a world-respected theatre tradition that was strong before Shakespeare. We breed actors and actresses who are quoted as examples whenever acting is discussed. We have gifted producers, directors, script-writers and cameramen. They want to make worthwhile films. They can.

In support there are technicians and craftsmen. They are unsung. But they have the trust of some of the best creative brains in the world. And the cinema-goer, who has never heard of them, owes much of his pleasure to these people's skill.

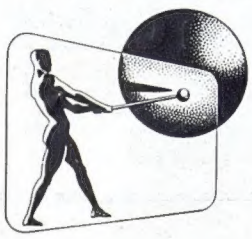
Good films are born of the marriage of all these talents.

The Rank Organisation is making at Pinewood twenty films a year, involving an investment of over £3½ million. All of them are intended as good international entertainment. Some we know to be outstanding: for example "A Town Like Alice" and "Reach for the Sky".

Within the next few months the Rank Organisation will be releasing no less than six Pinewood films—a new Norman Wisdom film "Up in the World", "Checkpoint", "House of Secrets", "Tiger in the Smoke", "The Battle of the River Plate" and "The Spanish Gardener" from A. J. Cronin's novel, starring Dirk Bogarde.

It takes roughly two years to plan, prepare and make an important film: two years of heavy investment in creative talent as well as money. With U.K. Entertainment Tax at its present level this is simply too much to ask of any film industry.

Abroad, our films earn enormous goodwill for this country. And they earn foreign currency with negligible outgoings for imported raw material. We could earn more of both if we had long term financial stability. But we can only have that when the Government very substantially reduce the burden of Entertainment Tax, and fully appreciate the importance to this country of showing British films abroad. Then British talent can work without one arm tied behind its back.



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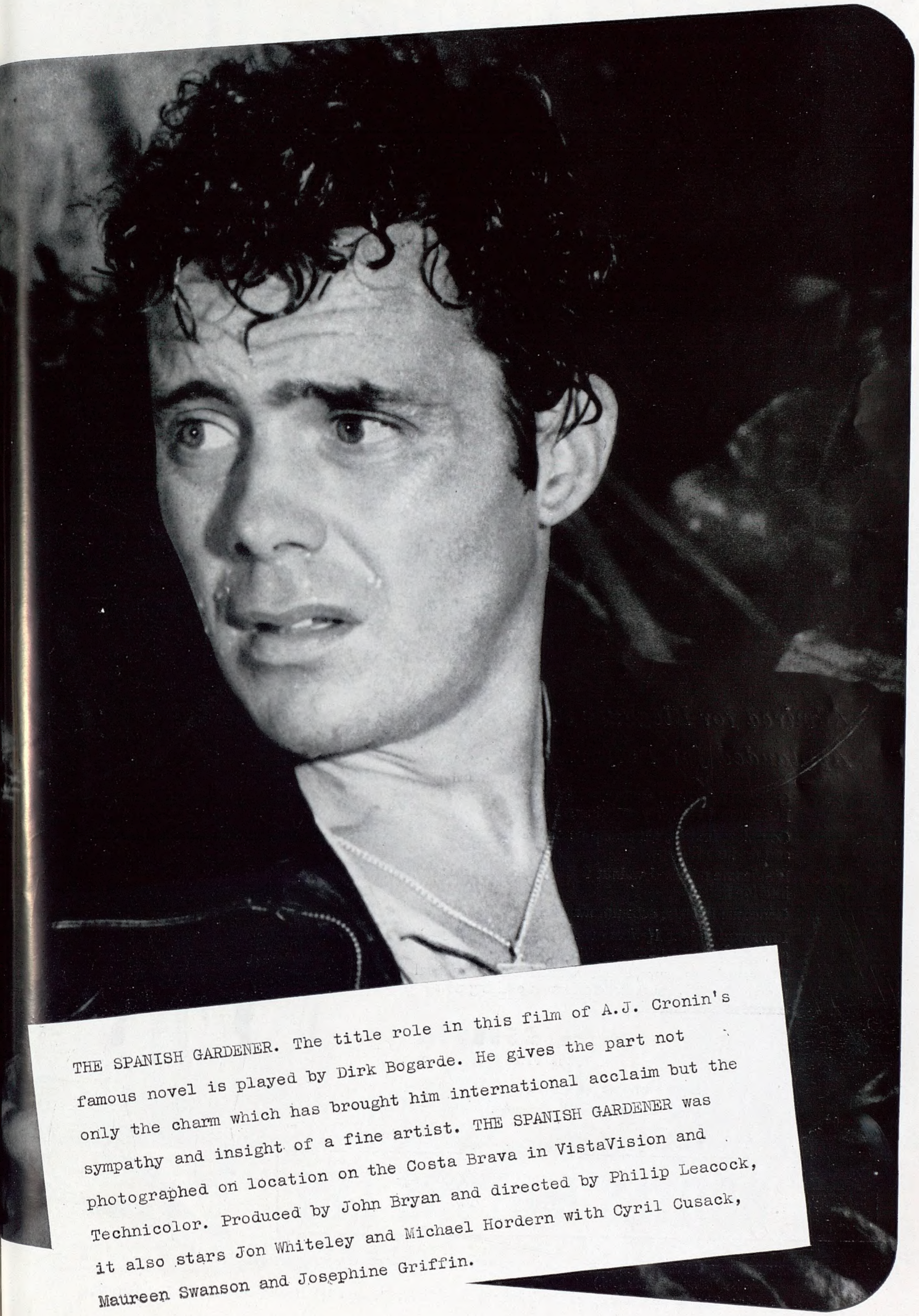
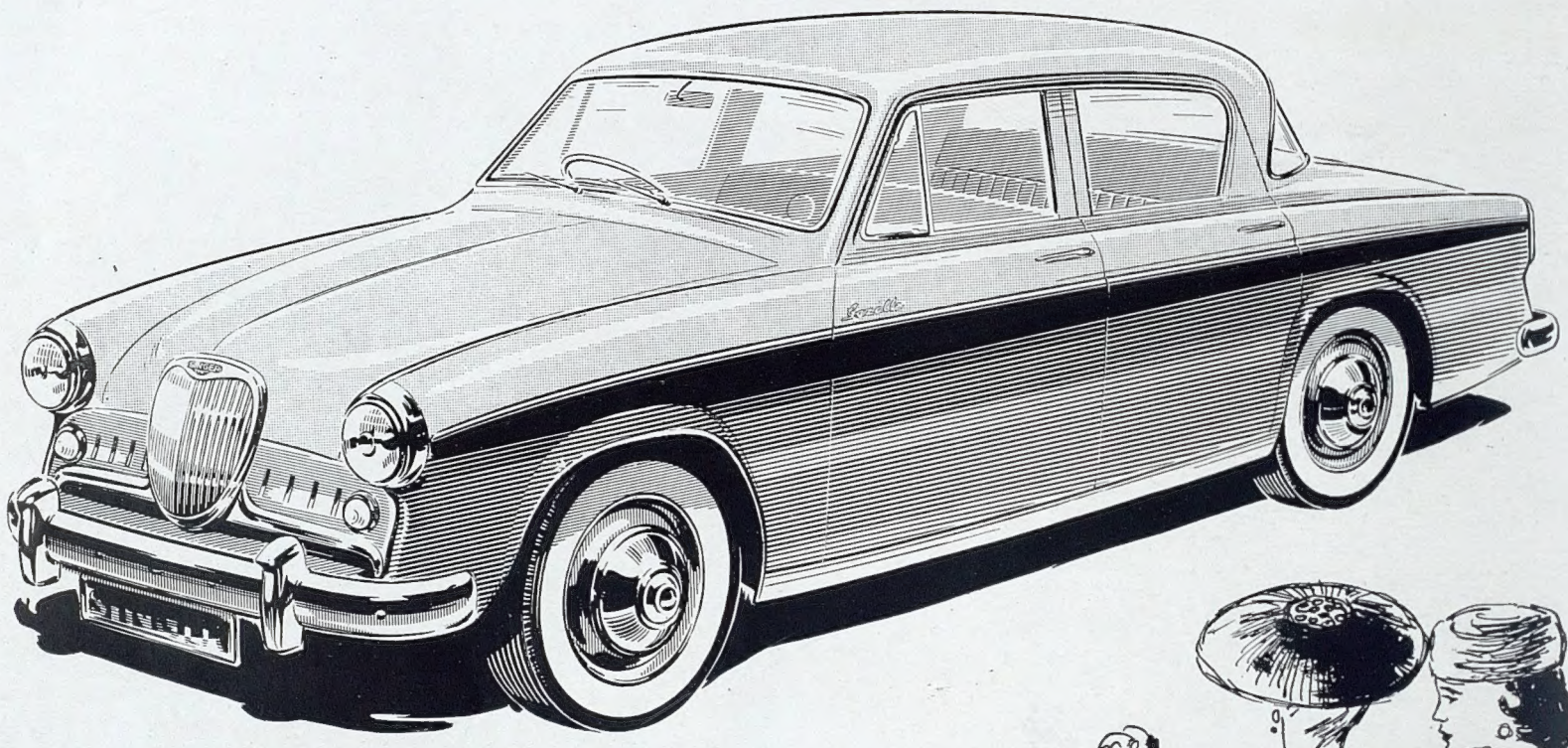
* "The mingling of one thing with another" — *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary.*



THE SPANISH GARDENER. The title role in this film of A.J. Cronin's famous novel is played by Dirk Bogarde. He gives the part not only the charm which has brought him international acclaim but the sympathy and insight of a fine artist. THE SPANISH GARDENER was photographed on location on the Costa Brava in VistaVision and Technicolor. Produced by John Bryan and directed by Philip Leacock, it also stars Jon Whiteley and Michael Hordern with Cyril Cusack, Maureen Swanson and Josephine Griffin.

The Elegant NEW SINGER Gazelle



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Volume CCXXVI No. 2948

The SPHERE, London, September 29, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

PRINCESS MARGARET IN MOMBASA—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IS GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA, SIR EVELYN BARING, AT THE START OF HER EAST AFRICAN TOUR: She arrived in Mombasa by air from London and spent twenty-eight hours in the coastal town before leaving in the Royal yacht *Britannia* for her voyage to Mauritius. The Princess received a tremendous welcome from the crowds as she fulfilled several engagements in Mombasa throughout last week-end.

Princess Margaret, who is due to arrive at the Island of Mauritius to-day (Saturday), began her five-week tour of East Africa last week-end, when she spent twenty-eight hours in the seaport of Mombasa. She had flown from London in a B.O.A.C. Argonaut airliner and was met at Port Reitz airport by the Governor of Kenya, Service Chiefs and officials of the Colony and of Mombasa. After inspecting a guard of honour, the Princess drove through Mombasa's gaily decorated streets to Government House and received a tremendous welcome from the local population—Arab, African, Asian and European. Later, Princess Margaret visited the naval base and boarded the *Britannia*. On the next day, Sunday, she attended morning service in the cathedral and then went on to a reception of more than 1,200 Arab, Asian and African women. In the afternoon there was a visit to an Arab community, as well as an Arab Reception and a rally of 20,000 children. The *Britannia* sailed out into the Indian Ocean in the evening and the Princess's departure for Mauritius was witnessed by a huge crowd. (Further pictures of the Princess are on pages 464 and 479.)

Postage—Inland, 3d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CHRISTENING AT PITLOCHRY

RECORDING AN EVENT FOR THE FAMILY ALBUM: Major David Butter, of Eastwood, Dunkeld, photographs his youngest daughter, Georgina Marguerite, after her christening at Moulin Parish Church. The baby is being held by her mother, and in the foreground are the other daughters of Major and Mrs. Butter. They are Marilyn, Sandra and Rohais. Princess Alexandra, godmother to Georgina, was unable to attend the ceremony. The other godparents are Sir Charles Maclean, Captain Iain Tennant, Lady Carnegie, and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Lyle.

THE W.V.S. AND "MEALS ON WHEELS"

A NEW SERVICE VAN FOR THE W.V.S.: The Dowager Marchioness of Reading, Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Service, receives from Lord Luke of Pavenham, Chairman of Bovril Ltd., a van for the W.V.S. "Meals on Wheels" service. The van, which will be used to carry hot mid-day meals to the homes of old and invalid people in London, will be maintained by Messrs. Bovril Ltd. During last year vans and private cars delivered over a quarter of a million meals in the Greater London area.

BRITAIN BUILDS FOR THE WORLD

A LONDON EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE POST-WAR BUILDING INDUSTRY: Mr. A. R. W. Low, Minister of State, Board of Trade (pointing), and Mr. Nigel Hannen, President of the National Federation Building Society, are seen looking at one of the pictures in the exhibition of photographs of constructional work carried out since the war in this country and overseas by British builders. The exhibition, which is being held in the booking hall of Charing Cross Underground station, is organised by the National Federation of Building Trades Employers in collaboration with the Ministry of Works.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d. (or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16·50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Back in Harness.—I turned home just when summer made its tardy appearance, bringing hope to the hard-pressed farmers. Scotland is a very delightful country and the lonely places are just the thing for a holiday. And the Scots, like all who live in lonely places, are, on the whole, more kindly and helpful to their neighbours in difficulties than those who live in built-up areas. That said, there is compensation, at least for a man in my business, in the return home. Of course, there is a minor crisis, a job to be done, every day in almost every house nowadays, however sound and new, and there is no one to do it but yourself. But such jobs—even if of the Heath Robinson order of repair—give one satisfaction. And it is unquestionably pleasant to return to one's own large writing-table, one's own room lined with books, and, above all, reference books, to be sure of getting one's letters before breakfast (and not at twelve noon) and to read, propped on the marmalade jar, a newspaper of the day which is not solely concerned with local football, suicides and gas-oven tragedy, sex crimes and gossip about royalties and debutantes, and the bludgeons and *clichés* of "our readers" ("name and address supplied"). Somehow, I feel, I have a chance, with these new-old amenities and aids, to do rather better for my readers than in the past three weeks. One can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear or out of a dish of tripe, no longer fresh—as perhaps my readers have discovered. But I have been struck (in reading back numbers of responsible dailies in these past weeks of crisis) with the paradoxical dearth of news and views on which to comment. The nation may (or may not) be "split in twain" over the Eden handling of the Suez crisis, but the Press either endorsed his policy *in toto* or objected to it on two counts only—that we must not become embroiled in a shooting war and that U.N. or the Security Council should be consulted before the Canal Users' Association is launched. Now that Britain, with France, has taken the lead in referring the Canal issue to the Security Council, one may hope for national unity.

His Darkest Hour?—Those of us who have not deviated from the view that Nasser's two-month's-old act of aggression and utter disregard of international morality should be met and countered and not be allowed to become a *fait accompli* like Hitler's and Mussolini's *coups*—with all their hideous consequences—have consistently backed the Premier in the efforts he has made. He began them with the general support of his own country and of the canal users and, indeed, of a majority of the human race. This testing time for the rule of law could hardly have fallen at a more difficult time in history—a time when, with the virtual abandonment of the sanctions of the old diplomacy, no substitute exists to enforce the rule of law and to secure the rights of aggrieved nations. A time when villainy and impudence can flourish and grow fat. It is true that the gravest crises, whose implications are not fully comprehended, have a way of surprising us all by a sudden change for the better. It may prove so with Suez. Meanwhile it seemed to me that Sunday, September 16, was the blackest hour for Sir Anthony in this long and fearful responsibility and anxiety. For, on that day, the situation stood thus: Nasser had utterly rejected the Canal Users' plan. Russia had openly warned Britain and France that the use of force in any circumstances would bring her in by all means on Egypt's side. America had declared that in no event would she co-operate in the use of force. The Opposition was bitterly opposed to Eden's handling of the situation in recent weeks and a very formidable opinion in this country had sheared off from the crater edge to which the employment of force might lead. On that black Sunday, also, the implications of the Canal Users' Association were totally obscure. We could not see what good could come of it, even if all the eighteen hitherto approving canal user nations came in to the scheme, and we had anxieties lest some of them would reject it. Moreover, the canal traffic was reported as working with fair efficiency with Nasser's makeshift pilots. On that day, it seemed to us and must have appeared probable to the Premier that his policy might end in another bitter humiliation for Britain, with consequences to our prestige in the Middle and Near East not to be exaggerated, and in consequence might give a terrible blow to his own reputation as a statesman and to his Government. The development of the dispute at United Nations level may well show us if this was his darkest hour in this dark crisis.

Nina Discobola.—We rather pride ourselves on our legal system. It has been called the envy of civilisation. Nina, the discus-thrower, when charged with stealing hats, would, if she had come before the magistrates, have entered the dock as innocent of that charge as you or I. In the absence of proof, she would have left the court as innocent as she entered it. Perhaps she had no faith in our impartial system; perhaps she assumed it would prove more like her own; perhaps she had a guilty conscience. Anyway, she did not surrender; her Embassy abetted her evasion. Some of our nationals in Communist countries have not been so clever at evasion. And the case of Nina, the discus-thrower, has led to "the bedevilling of political relations with a great Power," if any bedevilment remained to do, and indeed to making a farce of civilised behaviour. Was it worth all this pother about two or three hats? They were such absurdly cheap hats. Whether you rely on *Fiat justicia* as the slogan of British justice or on *de minimis non curat lex*, you can hardly avoid the conclusion that Nina, if innocent, had no faith in British justice or that she had more faith in British justice than in her innocence. You must also conclude from the storm over the Moscow Ballet visit to London that some of the Bolshoi artistes were equally sceptical of their own power of resisting temptation or of British justice. Anyway, it doesn't take much to bedevil international relations nowadays.

YACHTS LEAVE FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES

THE 5.5-METRE YACHT "VISION" IS SWUNG ON BOARD THE MOTOR-VESSEL "WAIPAWA" AT THE KING GEORGE V DOCK: She is one of five which are being transported in the Shaw Savill ship to Australia, to take part in the Olympic Games later this year at Melbourne. The five yachts, ranging from 5 cwt. to 37 cwt., include *Bluebottle*, which is owned by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

A Dying Fashion?—Mr. J. Arthur Rank left the lovely banks and braes of the Upper Findhorn last week after his holiday to deal with bitter business. He announced the closure of forty more of his cinemas before Christmas and prophesied that more would have to close and be sold in his own and other groups. He cited as the two chief causes of losing money on these houses: first, entertainment tax, which takes 6s. 8d. in the pound and second, the impact of television. It may be that T.V. will gradually put paid to a once very popular and profitable entertainment. Such things happen in small and large fashions. People were for a year or so mad about spirapol and ping-pong. I doubt if it is good business to bolster up a dying fashion—once you are sure public interest is waning. But the interest of the public in the cinema is, as yet, by no means proven to be moribund, and for my part I think the cinema in the small market town has been for years dying by inches and losing money from another cause: its inability to secure and show a worthwhile film until that film itself is *vieux jeu*. The tripe offered at the cinema in my own small market town would not, I should have thought, attract inside any human beings but a pair of lovers, or someone wishing to shelter from the rain or waiting to catch a train. A house that often plays to an audience of seven or eight persons, as ours does, must be sadly conscious of its mortality, and yet every little town has

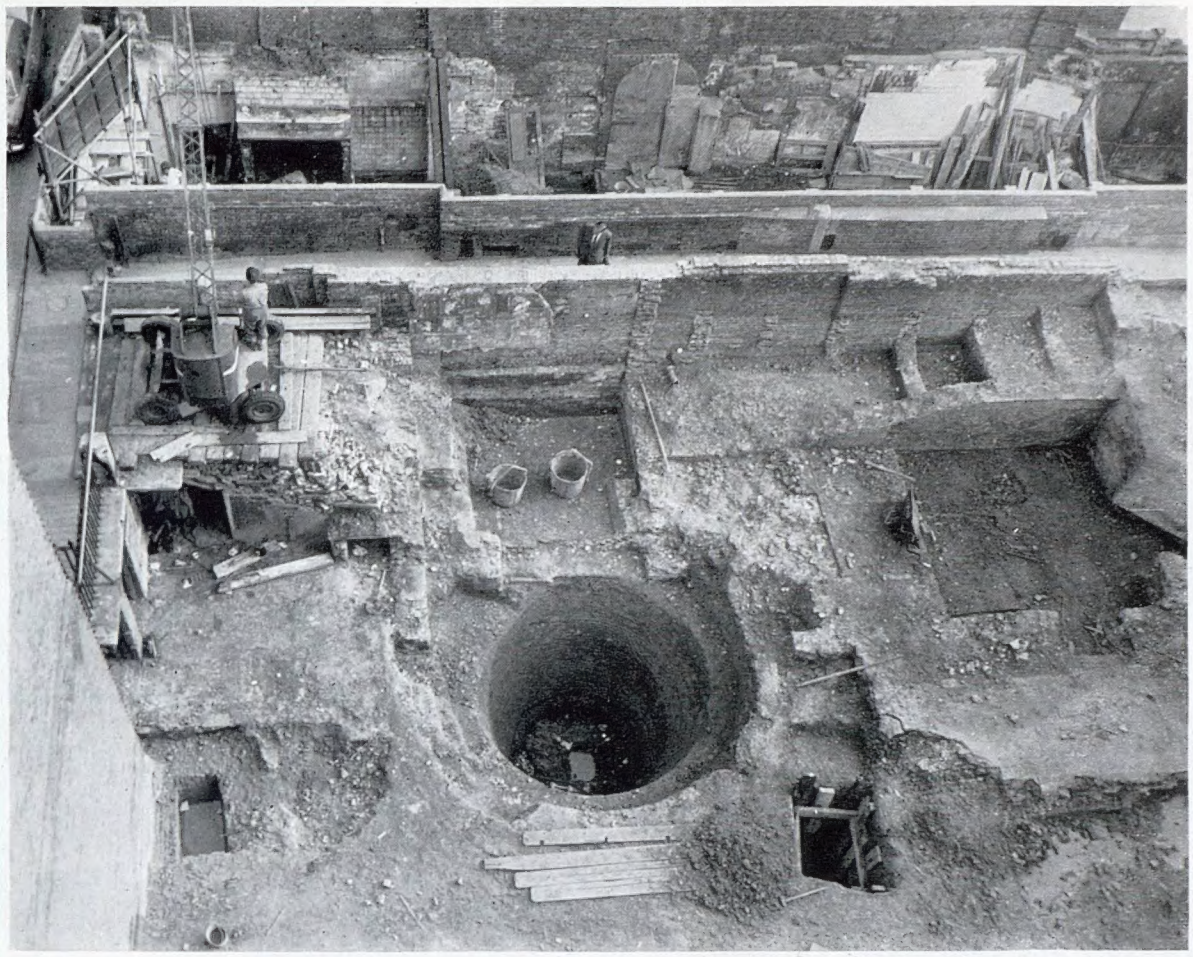
...s cinema and every mickle, if it offered better attraction, ...ould make a muckle. I am not sure that the B.B.C. ...ound broadcasting authorities might not take a warning ...y eliminating what is *vieux jeu* from its perennial "favourites"—such as Mrs. Dale and the Archers. ...therwise it may predecease the cinema. But if the ...lm industry *is* dying, what a changed world lies before ...! T.V. can hardly absorb the riches and talent of ...ollywood. If the earthquake of fashion knock down ...at mighty city, as a new San Francisco, whence will ...0 per cent. of the human race look to find their ...mance and their fairy stories? They may come to ...arn with tears what American life and Americans ...e really like.

Salute to Hikers, Too.—Lately I have ...lt inclined to salute the hikers, as a week ago I saluted ...e caravanners. Both classes of holidaymakers convince ...e that not yet can we be written off as a race of decadents. ...n the contrary, this rising generation seems to assure ...e that Britain is training up as tough a race as ever it ...ad, to cope with the problems and trouble which may ...ce us. The caravans and the hikers are turning south ...s I am. I have passed them in scores, in hundreds. ...have helped a few hikers on their way and talked with ...any of them. Their courage, cheerfulness and optimism ...pressed me greatly. In particular, three girls, the ...dest eighteen years old, carrying packs under which an ...fantryman of 1917 would have groaned, were trudging ...a hailstorm along a lonely moorland road "miles ...om anywhere." I asked them where they expected to ...ep that night. They replied confidently: in Perth. ...rth was 150 miles away. I suppose they made it. ...rhaps there is safety in numbers, though few motorists ...ve room for three (even pretty) girls and three enormous ...cks and I can't believe they would think it wise to ...lit up. But perhaps "all the girls are brave and all ...e motorists virtuous," and, of course, the route is ...wadays strewn with youth hostels. One of my ...mporary passengers was a lanky youth of eighteen. ...took him for a Lowland Scot. But he confidently ...pected, he told me, to reach his home in South Wales ...48 hours, when his holiday ended. Faith, hope and ...arity carry a man far. A merry heart goes all the way. ...t when the rain lashes down on a blasted heath miles ...om anywhere, these virtues desert me even when I am ...side a heated and new Humber Hawk, and I can't ...t that down merely to old age. I lacked the pioneering ...irit even when Edward VII reigned and that is why ...salute the hikers of the rising generation and take ...mfort for the future of England.

Car Ferries.—A salute to the car-ferries of ...ngland and Scotland is also due. I don't know how ...any th...e may be but there are certainly nearly fifty ...sted as i...portant and serving motorists in Great Britain, ...d I da...say there are twice as many more deserving ...e name of ferry. A motorist in a normal day's run ...p or d...wn the West Coast of Scotland may find it ...cessary to use three or four of them and he is usually ...presse... by the mechanical efficiency of the staff who "park" ...e cars, and by the punctuality and speed with ...hich th... ferrying is done. Of course, at times and ...asons f...rying demands patience. Sometimes one may ...ick one ... heels in a queue while two or three services ...e run. Glasgow is well served. Ballachulish's short ...pan can ...e a tiresome time-obstruction in holiday time ...r when ...Oban is entertaining. Kessock Ferry, which ...nks the Black Isle with Inverness, is busy on market ...ays, but I have seldom waited more than one turn and ...at dela... is pleasant enough if the sun shines. There ...s good a...d bad luck in your companions of the voyage. ...There is ...sk of accident and delay from bad drivers as ...ey try to reach their parking marks under guidance. ...A hearse is a depressing companion and so is a dung-...art. A caravan implies two hauls, on and off, and the ...ars that pull caravans are not always good at mounting ...e ramps. But the staffs are patient and know their ...obs, and I salute the ferry services.

"Moyana" Appeal.—I gladly respond to ...e appeal for funds to replace the lost *Moyana* made by ...e Mayor of Southampton. Despite the Suez blackout ...f memory, most people will recall the recent loss in a ...Channel gale of this training ship during her triumphant ...eturn from victory in the Torbay-Lisbon Race. This ...ld vessel was an essential part of Southampton Univer-...ity's School of Navigation, and insurance cannot cover ...a tithe of her replacement cost. But replaced she must ...e by a more modern sailing ship of 300 tons, since this ...chool trains boys from all over Britain and from the ...Empire to become officers in our Merchant Navy, and ...n that qualification training in sail is still a vital educa-...ion. Something approaching £150,000 will be needed ...o buy and equip the new vessel, and a good deal more ...s required for other projects which the school already ...as in hand. It is unnecessary to stress the importance ...of training officers for the Merchant Navy, on which ...our island existence for ever depends. That common ...knowledge and the particularly poignant circumstances ...of the *Moyana's* loss should be enough, without more ...words from me, to inspire readers to send a generous ...donation, marked *Moyana* Fund, to the Mayor at the ...Civic Centre, Southampton. THE OLD STAGER

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ICE-HOUSE IS DISCOVERED IN LONDON



AN ICE-HOUSE UNEARTHED BY DEMOLITION WORKERS IN ST. JAMES'S PLACE, WESTMINSTER: It was discovered during the clearing of rubble from the basement of a bombed house. The ice-house, believed to have been built about the middle of the seventeenth century, was used for the storing of ice and snow for use during the summer.

The ice-house in St. James's Place is probably the oldest to have been discovered in the country. It is mentioned in a document dated 1680 which infers that it had been erected for Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, as an adjunct to her mansion house in Cleveland Row. The introduction of ice-houses into England from the Continent appears to date from the Restoration of Charles II. Among the works and improvements carried out in St. James's Park in October 1660, it was reported that "a snow house and an Ice house" had been made "as the mode is in some parts in France and Italy and other hot countrys for to coole wines and other drinks for the summer season." Ice and snow were collected in the winter and rammed into the pits to be stored for summer use. The ice-house usually had a cover of timber or thatch or sometimes a brick dome with a door. The pit in St. James's Place has been examined by the L.C.C. in connection with their history of the area.

LOOKING DOWN THE CIRCULAR PIT: It is 12½ ft. deep and 13½ ft. in diameter at the top, tapering to 7 ft. 3 ins. at the bottom. A brick ledge near the bottom probably supported timber slats to allow the melted ice to drain away.

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CHAIRMAN OF THE CONFERENCE FOR THE SECOND TIME: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, prepares to open the second conference on the Suez crisis which was held, as was the first one, in Lancaster House, London. On the extreme left sits Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State. The Foreign Secretary presided throughout the various conference meetings.

THE SECOND LONDON CONFERENCE

The main work of the second London Conference of the eighteen majority powers was the drafting of a declaration bringing into being a "Co-operative Association of Suez Canal Users." It is expected that the main task of this Association will be to assist shipping through the canal in co-operation with Egypt, and to study all alternate routes which could be used by those ships which at present pass through the waterway. In proposing the plan, Mr. Foster Dulles suggested that the association should establish a governing body, with an administrative agent and a small select staff thoroughly versed in shipping matters. Almost all the countries attending the conference finally gave their approval to the adoption of the plan. Then last Sunday Britain and France decided to refer the Suez dispute to the Security Council and the Canal crisis entered a new phase.

BEFORE THE CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (centre), sits flanked by the delegates of the United States and Turkey on his right and those of Australia and Denmark on his left. The American representatives were led by Mr. Foster Dulles, those of Turkey by Mr. Nuri Birgi, the Australians by Sir Percy Spender and the Danish delegates by Mr. H. C. Hansen.

THE FOREIGN MINISTER ARRIVES AT LANCASTE HOUSE: Carrying his hat, Mr. Selwyn Lloy enters Lancaster House, in St. James's

A CORNER OF THE CONFERENCE TABLE: The representatives of The Netherlands, New Zealand and Norway await the opening of the plenary session. Mr. J. M. A. H. Luis (second from left, in front row), led the Dutch delegation, Sir Clifton Webb (fourth from left), the High Commissioner, led the New Zealand members, and Mr. Halvard Lange (second from right), the Norwegians.

THE OPENING SESSION OF THE EIGHTEEN POWERS: The various delegations of the majority powers assemble around the conference table in Lancaster House for their first meeting after being convened in London for a second time. From the left, upwards, are the representatives of the United States, the United Kingdom, Australia, Denmark, Ethiopia, France, Western Germany, Persia, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Pakistan, Portugal and Spain. The representatives of Turkey and Sweden sat on the left of those of Spain, in the bottom left-hand corner.

THE SPANISH DELEGATION: Senor Martin Artajo, the Spanish Foreign Minister, looks at his watch as he arrives at Lancaster House accompanied by the members of his delegation at the Conference.

THE DELEGATES ASSEMBLE: *On left*—With one hand on his pocket, Signor Gaetano Martino, the Foreign Minister of Italy, enters the conference room. *In the centre*—M. Christian Pineau, Foreign Minister of France, arrives at Lancaster House. *On right*—Mr. Foster Dulles walks through the vestibule to the Conference.

BOTH SIDES OF SUEZ

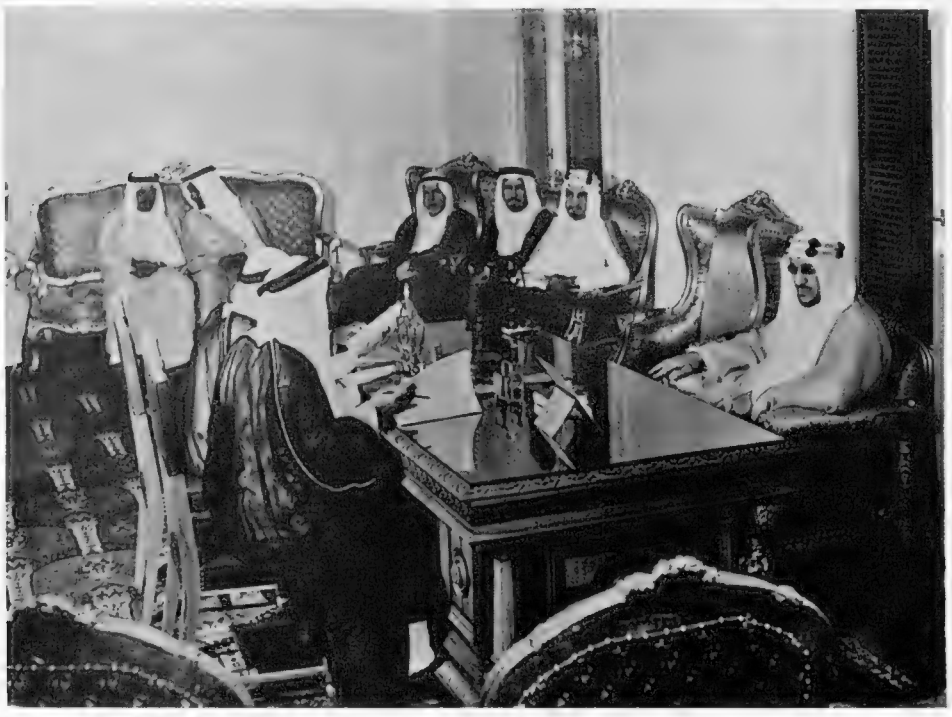
Political Activity in the West and the East

AT THE END OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE: *Left*—Dr. Nuri Birgi, the Foreign Minister of Turkey, looks at his watch as he leaves Lancaster House at the end of the Canal Users' Conference in London. *Right*—Mr. Dulles and his party also seem concerned about the time at the break-up of the final session. Two days after the delegates of the eighteen User Nations had left London, Britain and France took the Suez crisis into a new stage by referring the dispute to the Security Council.

As the second London Conference came to a finish at the end of last week, with general agreement on the formation of the Canal Users' Association, it was anticipated by many observers that there would be something of a lull in the crisis. But the reverse was the case. No sooner had it been announced that there would be a third London Conference to establish formally the Association, than Britain and France decided to keep up the pace by referring the whole Canal dispute to the Security Council. This caused intense diplomatic activity.

The increased political tempo was by no means confined to the West or to the Canal Users. Hitherto Colonel Nasser had remained in Egypt, being the recipient of innumerable political visitors expressing many different points of view. In Cairo it was thought that counter-schemes to those propounded at the London Conferences were being worked out by the Political Committee of the Arab League. Last weekend, however, Colonel Nasser flew to Saudi Arabia for talks with King Saud and President Kuwatly of Syria. This was taken as evidence that the major Arab oil-producing nations were not altogether happy about the consequences of Nasser's Canal nationalisation policy, especially as King Saud had just had a meeting with King Feisal of Iraq. However, on Monday it was reported that Saudi Arabia and Syria supported Nasser over the Canal. At the same time another visitor—Mr. Nehru—was awaited in Saudi Arabia.

ARAB POWERS CONFER: The Political Committee of the Arab League prepares for a session in Cairo. It had been summoned for the second time since the nationalisation of the Suez Canal and was attended by the Foreign Ministers of most of the Arab countries and by Sayed Twefik El Suedy, ex-Premier of Iraq. It discussed Israel-Jordan relations as well as Suez.



KING SAUD WITH HIS COUNCIL: The ruler of Saudi Arabia (extreme right) presides over a meeting of his Council of Ministers. Facing him across the desk are the Ministers of National Economy (nearer camera) and of Defence. The Crown Prince is on the King's right.

ARAB MONARCHS MEET: King Feisal of Iraq (left) and King Saud of Saudi Arabia sit together in Dammam, Saudi Arabia. King Saud's next visitors were President Nasser, President Kuwatly of Syria and Mr. Nehru.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE AT THE OPENING OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT: Queen Juliana of the Netherlands (seated on dais at the right) delivers her speech in the Ridderzaal, at The Hague, during the official opening of the two Houses. On the Queen's right is His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard, and on her left Crown Princess Beatrix, who attended with her mother for the first time. Seated in front of the throne are the members of the out-going Cabinet.

OPENING OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT

Queen Juliana Attends the First Session of the New Parliament at The Hague

The main theme of the Queen's speech was the anxiety caused in the Netherlands by the continual deterioration of relations between Holland and the Republic of Indonesia. The Government was concerned about Dutch subjects in the Republic who are experiencing great difficulties in face of Indonesian hostility. It was also concerned with the fate of those subjects who had left Indonesia to settle in the Netherlands. Her Majesty also referred to the efforts being made in Dutch New Guinea to open up the country and to induce the population to play a part in its development. After the Queen's speech the session was opened with the presentation of the 1957 Budget by the out-going Government.

THE "GOLDEN COACH" PASSES THROUGH THE HAGUE: The Royal Coach, bearing the Queen of the Netherlands, Prince Bernhard and Crown Princess Beatrix, passes through the streets of The Hague on its way from the Palace at Lange Voorhout to the Ridderzaal.

THE OUT-GOING DUTCH CABINET: Seated from left to right in the Ridderzaal are, Dr. Drees (Prime Minister), Dr. Beyen (Foreign Minister), Professor Van Oven (Justice), Dr. Cals (Education), M. Staf (War and Marine), M. Witte (Public Works and Reconstruction), M. Algera (Transport and Shipping), Professor Dr. Zijlstra (Economics) and M. Suurhoff (Social Affairs).

AFTER THE OFFICIAL OPENING: The Queen of the Netherlands, accompanied by her husband, Prince Bernhard, and her eldest daughter, Crown Princess Beatrix, waves to an enthusiastic crowd from the balcony of the Dutch Parliament after the opening of the new Parliamentary year in the Ridderzaal.

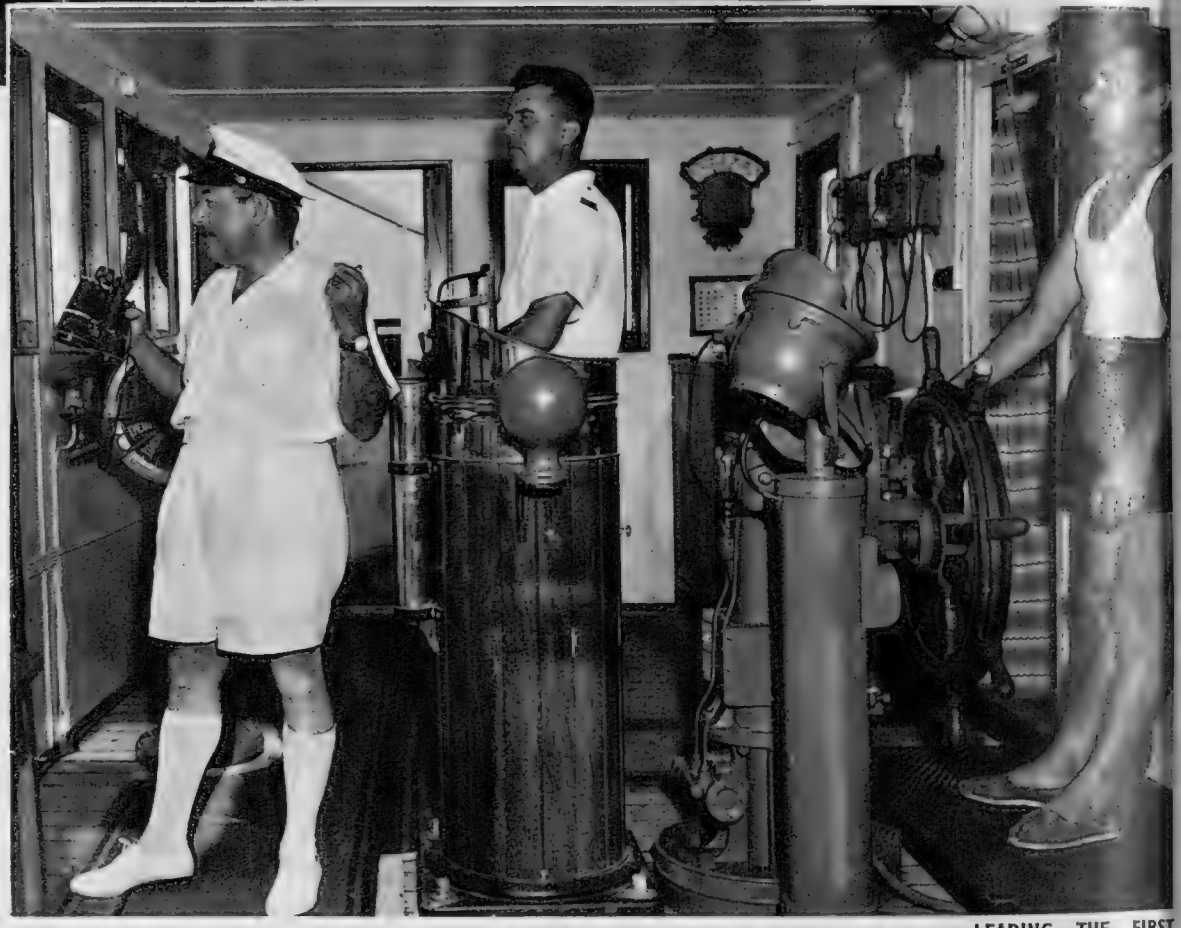
EGYPT RUNS THE CANAL

Volunteer Pilots Help the Egyptian Staff to Pass Convoys through the Canal

By cutting down the number of convoys going through the Canal and slowing down the passage time, the Egyptian authorities have contrived to keep traffic moving. Despite the shortage of pilots after the departure of those owing allegiance to the international company, they have managed to build up a convoy system, albeit a cumbersome one. Its weakest link, however, is that the decision to keep the same pilot for the whole of the run means that a very heavy strain is being put on those few experienced pilots still at Egypt's disposal. Nevertheless, from Colonel Nasser's point of view the existence of a convoy schedule, no matter how ramshackle, is of primary importance. He can thus avoid any congestion, which would justify the claim of the eighteen majority powers that Egypt is incapable of running the Canal.

THE PILOTS' REST-ROOM IN PORT SAID: A group of Egyptian pilots and foreign volunteers sit in one of the pilots' clubs in Port Said on the day that the first convoy piloted by Egyptians of the new Nationalised Canal Authority was successfully taken through.

WATCH ON THE CANAL: An Egyptian employee of the nationalised Canal authority scans an approaching convoy by telescope from the control tower at Suez. The departure of the non-Egyptian pilots employed by the International Company has caused a slow-down and a decrease in volume of traffic.



LEADING THE FIRST EGYPTIAN CONVOY: An Egyptian pilot, Yousri El Ayoubi (on the left), signals to the steersman on the bridge of the French tanker *Brumaire* as he pilots her through the Canal at the head of the first Egyptian-controlled convoy since the departure of the non-Egyptian pilots of the International Suez Canal Company.

On right—

A NEW RECRUIT FOR EGYPT: Teresio Monti (on left), an Italian pilot, goes out to board the tanker he will take through to Suez. On the right is Captain Constantin Diakakis, who is Port Officer at Port Said.

On left—

COMING ABOARD: Yousri El Ayoubi, climbs from a pilot launch aboard the *Brumaire* before taking her through the Canal. Many of the Egyptians are accompanied by foreign pilots learning the waterway's hazards

ERMAN PILOTS ARRIVE IN SUEZ: Two Egyptian pilots (in centre) give a brief description of the working of the Canal to two German pilots who have arrived in Egypt.

EARNING THE HAZARDS OF A GREAT WATERWAY: Three foreign pilots study a canal chart in the grounds of the Company's headquarters and offices in Port Said.

A WELCOME FOR THE RUSSIANS: The President of the Egyptian Canal Board, Dr. Helmi Baghat Badawy, shakes hands with the leader of the Russian pilots, Captain Penkov. On the right is Colonel Younis, the managing director of the nationalised company.

SOVIET PILOTS IN ISMAILIA: A group of Russian pilots, who have arrived in the Canal Zone to help the Egyptians, take a meal in a restaurant in Ismailia. Over twenty new pilots, including the Russians and Yugoslavs who arrived with them, are undergoing training with experienced Egyptian pilots with a view to their working on the Canal as soon as possible. The convoy system at present operating is extremely makeshift and slow.

On left—

RELAXATION IN THE FRENCH BEACH CLUB: Sitting on the lawn of the French Beach Club in Ismailia are some of the Russian and Yugoslav pilots. In the background is one of the tankers which made up the first convoy to be put safely through the Canal by the Egyptians' nationalised Canal Authority.

FROGMEN AND 1817 FRIGATE

The Hull of "Foudroyant" is Inspected in Portsmouth Harbour

The *Foudroyant*, which lies offshore at Portsmouth, is now a unique ship. She was built in 1817 at Bombay and was originally the frigate *Trincomalee*. To-day she is the last wooden warship of any kind afloat. When last week naval frogmen carried out an examination of her hull, they reported that she was in sound condition and with proper care should last yet another 140 years.

While the under-water examination was being made, a Press conference was being held on the frigate. Its purpose was to appeal for funds to enable the ship to carry on in her function as a holiday training-ship for young people. The Society for Nautical Research is responsible for maintaining her, and each year some 2,000 boys and girls go aboard for training.

FROM THE HULL OF "FOUDROYANT": Commander M. S. Spalding, D.S.C., captain of the training-ship, discusses with C.P.O. Hurn (centre) and A.B. Cobb the sea anemones which the frogmen had brought from the bottom of *Foudroyant*.

Admiral Sir Clement Moody, chairman of the *Foudroyant* Committee, explained to the Press why an appeal for funds is necessary. In order to enable children of all classes to enjoy the facilities of the ship, the cost of upkeep on behalf of the young people is kept as low as possible. In fact, some of their maintenance has to be found from other sources. This is the reason for the appeal for £2,000 a year.

With this sum it will be possible for *Foudroyant* to continue in her role, which is valuable both to the young people concerned and to the naval traditions of the country.

AFTER INSPECTING THE ONLY WOODEN WARSHIP AFLOAT: Two frogmen rest on the buoy by *Foudroyant* in Portsmouth Harbour. They had inspected the hull of the frigate, built in 1817, which is used as a training-ship and is the only wooden warship still afloat.

THE FROGMEN START OPERATIONS: They climb down into the water to begin their examination of the frigate's bottom. The frogmen reported she should still have many years of life. On the same day an appeal was launched for funds to enable *Foudroyant* to continue as a holiday training-ship for young people.

AN UNDER-WATER COMMENTATOR: The B.B.C.'s commentator Donald Milner submerges in frogman's kit as he goes beneath the sea to make a recording of the inspection.

THE FIRST GERMAN RADIO-TELESCOPE NEARS COMPLETION: Two 148-ft.-tall derrick cranes lift the 82-ft.-wide aluminium scanner of the radio-telescope into position. The telescope is being built in the Eifel mountains about 95 miles south-west of the Federal capital, Bonn. It is part of a development scheme undertaken on behalf of the University of Bonn. *On left*—The scanner is lowered into its sockets on the top of the completed tower housing the computing and research offices.

NEW GERMAN RADIO-TELESCOPE

The Parabolic Scanner of a New Radio-Telescope is Installed at Münstereifel, near Bonn

The giant radio-telescope which is being built for the University of Bonn at Münstereifel, in Western Germany, is different from other constructions serving the same purpose of astronomical research in that the reflector does not rotate on a cogged flange but is mounted on a single shaft turning it in any desired direction. With a range of 360 degrees in the horizontal and 90 degrees in the vertical, it is hoped that the telescope will give greater and much finer accuracy than any older type.

The giant project has been undertaken on behalf of the Federal University for scientific research in the field of astronomy—a field for which, until now, there was almost a complete lack of adequate equipment in the Federal Republic. A similar undertaking has recently been completed for the University of Manchester at Jodrell Bank, in Cheshire. The need for such gigantic instruments has arisen from the desire to locate and measure the radio waves which are continually present in outer space. These waves provide a valuable source of knowledge of the composition of the heavens which is complementary to that gained from optical telescopes. In particular, such radio-telescopes are ideal for the study of radio noises and radio stars which have been discovered in large numbers since 1948. At present no optical instrument is capable of identifying the obscure sources of these radio waves.

Another great advantage of the radio-telescope is that it can penetrate through the dust clouds and haze that obscure nearly all the clouds in the Milky Way. Apart from this the radio-telescopes at Jodrell Bank and Münstereifel will also be able to carry out research into meteors, the moon, the aurora borealis and the complex relationships between events on the sun and the disturbances on the ionosphere of the earth. It might even be possible with these instruments to bring the planets and the entire field of extra-galactic studies within reach.

As opposed to the new telescope at Münstereifel the one at Jodrell Bank revolves on a circular track with the aid of rollers moving on rails. Twelve bogies, powered by electric motors, move the vast frame of girders supporting the scanner. It thus has the same range and arc as the German instrument but probably not the fineness of accuracy that is possible with the latter telescope.

BLENDING THE NEW WITH THE OLD IN STIRLING: The recently completed buildings at the foot of Broad Street, Stirling, have been carefully designed to fit in with the old houses running down to the centre foreground. The new walls are of rubble and the whole effect of the design is intended to blend with the traditional seventeenth-century architecture. Broad Street is an example of a trend being followed by Scottish architects, that of copying the style of the old buildings.

SCOTLAND'S NEW ARCHITECTURE

Contrasting Styles in the Replanning and Rebuilding of Cities

In the reconstruction of slum or decayed areas in Scottish cities, architects appear to be following one of two contrasting styles. Either they attempt to blend new buildings with old ones, and thus preserve ancient aspects, or they break away from tradition and design entirely in twentieth-century form. An example of the former is Stirling. In Broad Street new construction follows the lines of the seventeenth-century architecture surrounding it. Dunbar's harbour area, on the other hand, under the inspiration of Basil Spence, aims at being contemporary.

ANCIENT AND MODERN: Darnley House (on the left), in Stirling, is being restored and strengthened. Next to it are two new blocks. When the work is complete it is hoped they will tone together and thus preserve the traditional aspect of the domestic architecture in this famous and picturesque Scottish city.

A BREAK WITH THE PAST: New homes in the harbour area of Dunbar are completely contemporary and make no attempt to compromise with the old style. The design is by Basil Spence.

COMPLETELY TWENTIETH CENTURY IN STYLE: The backs of these houses in Buncle's Close, in Dunbar, are in the area which has been redesigned in twentieth-century style by Basil Spence.

RESTORING A WREN MASTERPIECE : The tower of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, emerges from its girdle of scaffolding as the restoration work on Wren's island church continues. The church was destroyed during the last war but is now being restored as the Central Church of the Royal Air Force. In its new function it will not only be a place of regular worship but a shrine for the dead airmen of two world wars. The restoration architects are W. Curtis Green, R.A., Son and Lloyd.

RESTORING ST. CLEMENT DANES

The Work on Wren's Church in the Strand is well Under Way

By BRYAN LITTLE

THE unlucky one of London's two famous island churches in the Strand is well on its way to restoration and new use. For work on St. Clement Danes, now due to become the Central Church of the R.A.F., is considerably advanced. The exquisite steeple, gleaming against a blue sky with the pure white of its Portland stone, is free of its scaffolding and is revealed in a new beauty. Debris has disappeared from the bomb-wasted interior, and the steelwork of scaffolding envelops the unusually designed body of the church. St. Clement's, the church where Dr. Johnson worshipped, is resurgent. Now that the good work is so palpably in hand one may fitly glance back at the church's past history and look forward to its altered future.

St. Clement's was mainly designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It was not, however, in the manner of most of his London churches, a case of rebuilding after destruction in the Great Fire of 1666. Like St. Andrew's, Holborn, and like St. Martin-in-the-Fields which was replaced, some years later, by Gibbs' world-famous, architecturally influential church, the earlier St. Clement's was a medieval building which had, by the seventeenth century, got into serious disrepair. The parishioners, though they had recently spent much money on repairs, decided, in 1680, that their church must give way to something new. Of the earlier building we know little. But some of its stones were re-used in Wren's church. Moreover, the lower part of the older tower survives, cased over by the Portland stone which was the favourite building material both of Wren and Gibbs.

Wren's church was finished, except for its upper steeple, in 1684. The cost had been £7,798 19s. 11d., a sum equivalent, nowadays, to at least £50,000. Wren himself gave his professional services as architect for nothing. He had brilliantly accepted the challenge of so noble an island site for a new parish church. The parishioners had subscribed generously, so that ample funds were in hand. Wren, therefore, produced a church of more costly magnificence than many of those he had designed in the City. The main part of the building was an aisled and galleried nave, without much decoration outside except for a little carving over the windows on the south side. On this same side, however, Wren added a charming little porch. In plan it made up three-quarters of a circle, and its Ionic columns held up a beautiful dome which was capped by an urn. The porch, pulled down over a century ago, must have been a charming little Baroque addition to the church; along with the famous rounded porch of Sta. Maria della Pace, in Rome, it may have inspired Gibbs when planning his lovely western porch at St. Mary-le-Strand.

The most unusual thing about Wren's work at St. Clement's was his handling of its east end. The idea of a round-ended, or apsidal, sanctuary was in no way extraordinary. But to connect this sanctuary more smoothly with the nave, the walls of the aisles, and the rows of pillars supporting the ceiling and galleries, were curved inwards so that the eye was led more easily and naturally towards the small chancel. The simple exterior was a complete contrast to the great magnificence within. For apart from its richly carved pulpit and altarpiece, St. Clement's was copiously adorned with magnificent Baroque plaster-work. The ceiling of the sanctuary was coffered, and in the nave it was divided up into compartments, or "camerated," to use a contemporary word. In a curiously shaped space over the entrance to the sanctuary the Stuart Royal Arms were flanked by a rich

(*Continued on following page*)

THE INTERIOR OF THE RESTORED CHURCH : This picture, taken from the architect's drawing, shows the interior of St. Clement Danes as it will look when the restoration is completed about Easter 1958. The old interior was renowned for its ornate ceiling and for the fine carvings, particularly that on the pulpit which was ascribed to Gibbons. None of this splendour, however, survived the fierce fire which gutted the shell of the church. The new interior will be as faithful a reproduction as possible.

RESTORING ST. CLEMENT DANES

(*Continued from previous page*)

display of foliage, flowers, and other decoration. All this splendour tragically perished when the church was bombed and gutted.

Wren had provided for a steeple much lower and simpler than the one we see to-day. But this was never built. The medieval tower, with Wren's casing, remained uncapped till 1719. Wren was alive in that year, but being eighty-seven he was no longer in practice. When the parishioners of St. Clement's wished to see their tower more worthily capped they turned to the much younger, and "coming" architect James Gibbs, trained in Rome, a friend of Wren, and responsible for the much admired, St. Mary-le-Strand.

Gibbs' steeple, harmoniously added to the older tower, is a masterpiece of composition. Being square in plan, and not oblong as is that of St. Mary's, it is the more complete and satisfying of the two. Like many of Wren's City steeples, it is a sequence of stages diminishing in size, each one of them a charming little essay in classic or Baroque design. Both artistically, and in its date, it comes between Gibbs' earlier steeple at St. Mary-le-Strand, with its "cupola" top, and his future masterpiece at St. Martin's which ends in a small spire. The steeple of St. Clement's is, moreover, very like one of the numerous alternative designs, in this particular case planned to end in a little cupola, which Gibbs got out for the great steeple at St. Martin's. Its beauty is unquestioned; no less than Wren's brilliant achievement at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, does it merit the title of a "madrigal in stone."

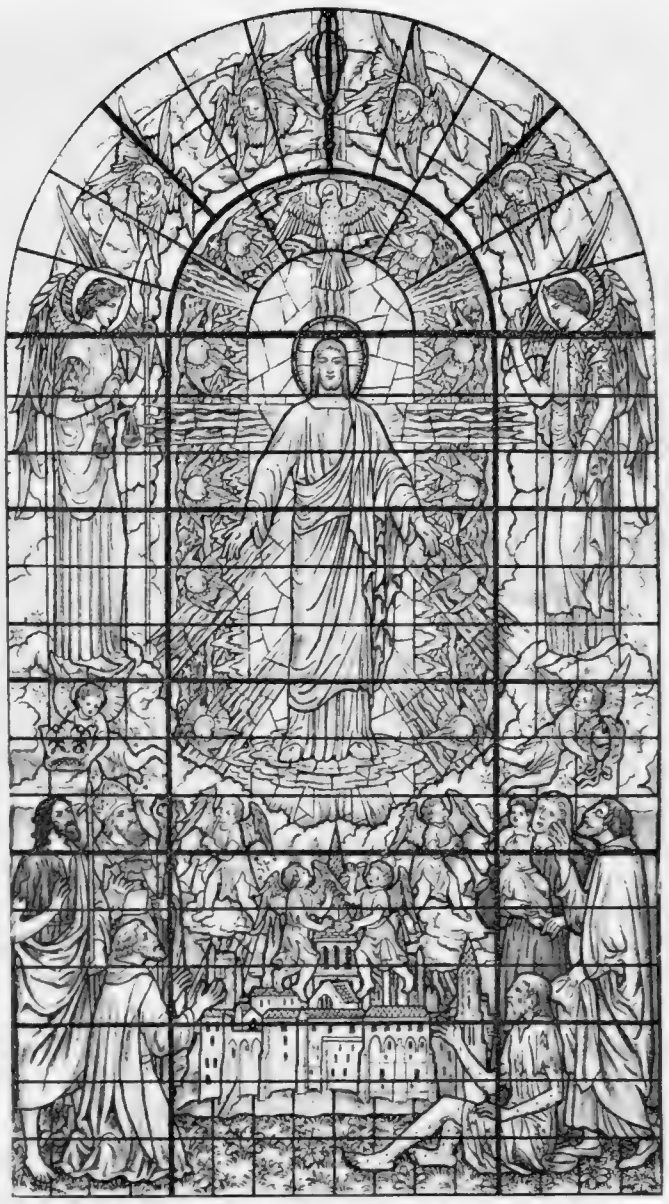
When complete, the restoration of St. Clement's will show an interior fundamentally like the splendid one which Wren and his team of craftsmen brought into being. The nave will still lead, by means of its inward curves, to an apsed sanctuary. Here the plan of the windows, with their new glass, will be in accordance with Wren's design rather than with the arrangement which existed before the late war. Slender Corinthian columns, with their foliate capitals, will again support the vaulted ceiling, and over the entrance to the chancel one will again see rich plaster-work, but this time not with the Stuart Royal Arms but enshrining those of our present Queen. Pews and galleries, and a simple, dignified pavement in black and white marble, will again be in the nave. The crypt, having been cleared of the bones and coffins which were in it before, will be fitted out as a christening chapel with a new font. So Wren's design, without the additions and alterations made to St. Clement's in the last century, will in all its essentials be faithfully restored.

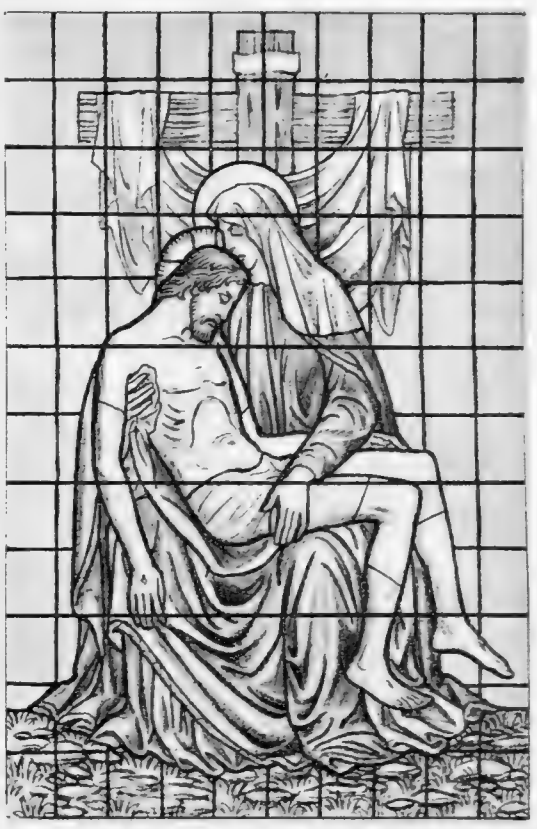
As the Central Church of the R.A.F., St. Clement's will be both a place of regular worship and a shrine to keep bright the memory of all those, in the two world wars and in the intervening years, who gave their lives while serving in the Royal Flying Corps, the R.A.F., the Women's Air Services, and the Royal Naval Air Service. Those of the Commonwealth and Allied Air Forces who died while serving under R.A.F. command will also be commemorated. To serve this great purpose, and to perpetuate the names of the dead, each one of the ten aisle windows in the nave will have beneath it a glass case, illuminated inside to show its contents. The cases themselves, with little domes surmounted by the eagle of the R.A.F., will be in a style sympathetic to the remaining woodwork of the church. Each case will house a specially written Book of Remembrance. Together, the ten books with their complete Roll of Honour, all contained in the one building, will hold about 125,000 names. In addition, St. Clement's will have an American Book of Remembrance, its pages being filled with the names of United States airmen. Nor will this be the only way in which America will join in the scheme. The new organ in the church will be the gift of the United States Air Force, and a plaque of pink marble from the State of Georgia, given by the city of Atlanta, will be inscribed with the names of Atlanta men who died while serving on air operations from this country.

The future of St. Clement's as such a place of Remembrance will assuredly give new fame and lustre to the beautiful church which is already so familiar as the one whose bells peal out the tune of "Oranges and Lemons."

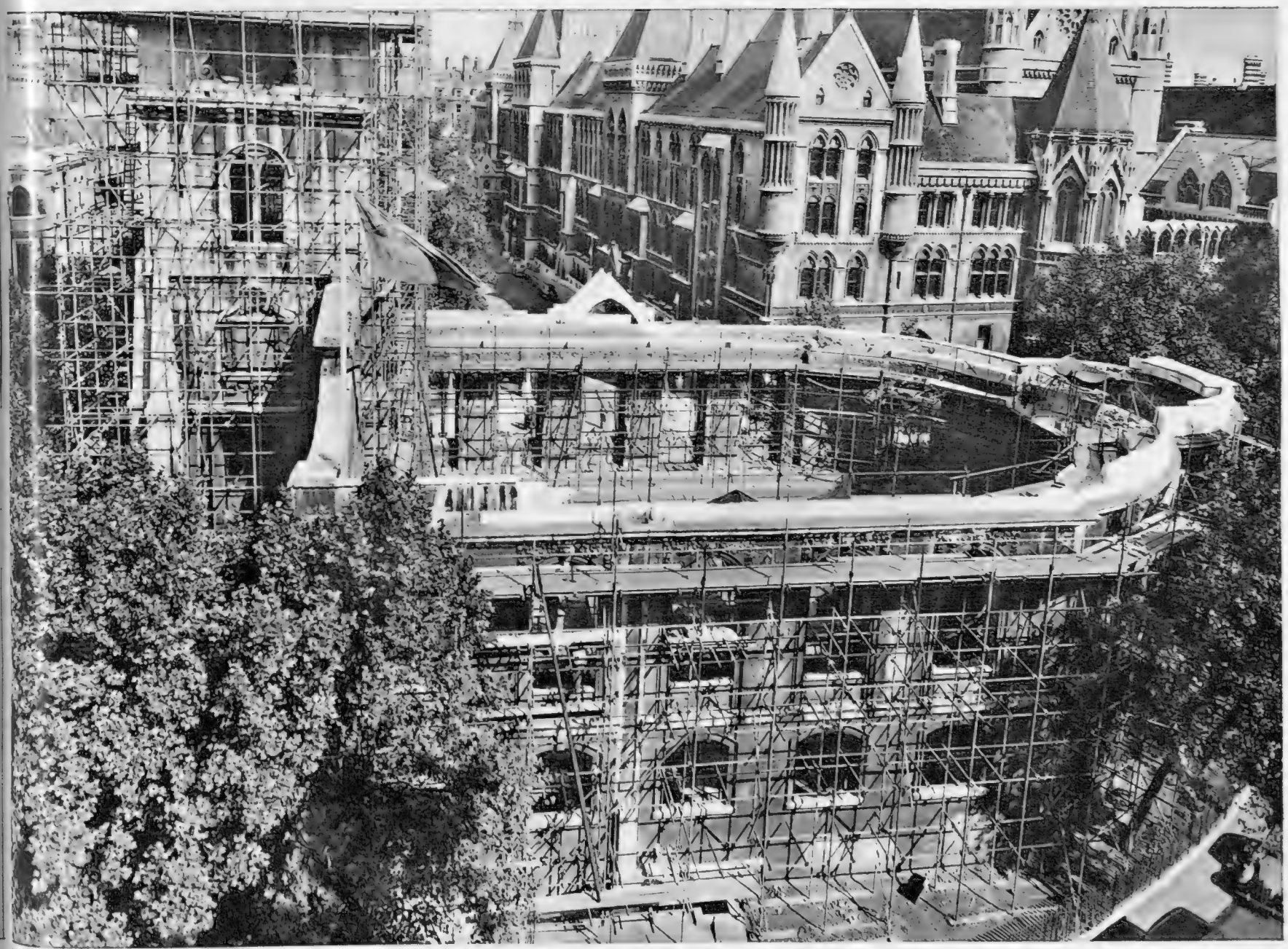
TOWER AND STEEPLE: Although the tower of the church is part of the original Wren design, the steeple is the work of James Gibbs. It was added in 1719 to the uncapped tower.

EW WINDOWS FOR ST. CLEMENT DANES: This window in stained glass, depicting the Nativity, will be placed on the left of the central panel. *On right*—The central window above the altar.





THE CRUCIFIXION DEPICTED IN STAINED GLASS: This window will be placed to the side, on the right of the central pane. The glass is by Mr. Carl Edwards, whose studio is in Apothecaries Hall.



HE GUTTED SHELL OF ST. CLEMENT DANES: Encased in scaffolding, the nave of the church still bears the scars of its bombing. Dr. Johnson once worshipped in this church and his pew, marked by a tablet, was preserved before the war in the north gallery. A life-size statue of the eminent man of letters, by Percy Fitzgerald, still stands outside the north-east wall. When the new bells are hung in the belfry they will be able to chime "Oranges and Lemons" as did the old peal which was destroyed.

TENSION IN CYPRUS

Terrorist Outrages are Intensified as Three Young Members of EOKA Await Execution in Nicosia Gaol

The recrudescence of terrorism which followed the EOKA rejection of Sir John Harding's surrender terms recently intensified as the date of execution of three young terrorists held in Nicosia Gaol drew nearer. Two of the men had been found guilty of the coldblooded murder of Corporal Hale, of the R.A.F., and the other of attempting to murder two Servicemen by shooting at them. After a final rejection of their appeals by the Field Marshal they were executed last week. This was the sign for an island-wide unofficial strike to be called among the Greek-Cypriot population. To prevent any attempts at rescue before the sentences were carried out, the streets around the prison were barricaded by troops and no vehicular movement was allowed at all. Only two minor demonstrations broke out but they were quickly dispersed by security troops.

In Athens the executions aroused the sharpest attacks to date against the British Government. In a last-minute bid to stop the executions, Archbishop Dorotheos, Primate of Greece, appealed to all heads of Christian Churches, Prime Ministers and Parliaments of the Western nations to use their influence with the British Government.

AN INCIDENT IN NICOSIA : A party of soldiers manhandles a 17-pdr. anti-tank gun belonging to the Parachute Regiment after the lorry towing it had become stuck in a one-way street. Because of the narrowness of the street, the driver was unable to continue and had to unlimber the gun. Some uneasiness was felt when the lorry became overdue, and the Army authorities thought that it might have been ambushed.

EOKA BLOWS UP A BUS : A time-bomb placed in the rear of this bus belonging to the Cyprus Transport Company exploded only a few minutes before the vehicle was due to go into service.

On right—
A FRENCH GENERAL MEETS HIS BRITISH COUNTERPART : The Commander of the French Paratroops in Cyprus, General Gilles (on left), leaves Headquarters, 16th Independent Parachute Brigade accompanied by Brigadier M. A. H. Butler, who is the commander of the British brigade.

AN ATTENTIVE AUDIENCE : Under the interested gaze of Turkish-Cypriot children, men of the 33rd Field (Parachute) Regiment, Royal Artillery, clean their weapons on the beach at Famagusta.

TERRORIST SLOGANS ON THE ROADS : A group of police and troops supervise the painting-over of EOKA slogans daubed on the main street of Nicosia. The security forces rounded-up a number of passers-by and gave them brushes and pots of black paint with which to carry out the eradication.

FAREWELL AT LONDON AIRPORT : Princess Margaret, accompanied by the Queen Mother, talks with a group of officials before going aboard the B.O.A.C. Argonaut airliner for her journey to Mombasa and her five-week tour of East Africa. The Princess will visit Kenya, Mauritius, Zanzibar and Tanganyika. She joined the Royal yacht *Britannia* at Mombasa last Sunday for her journey to Mauritius, where she arranged to tour Port Louis, and to lay the foundation-stone of new buildings for the Royal College School. From Mombasa the Princess will return by sea to Zanzibar, and finally to Dar-es-Salaam, where she is due on October 8. The rest of her journey through East Africa will be made by air and road, her last call being made at Kisumu on October 25. At Zanzibar she will have dinner with the Sultan. Other engagements during the Princess's tour include the opening ceremonies of the new deep-water berths and general hospital at Dar-es-Salaam ; and visits to a diamond mine and to the Royal Agricultural Show in Nairobi.

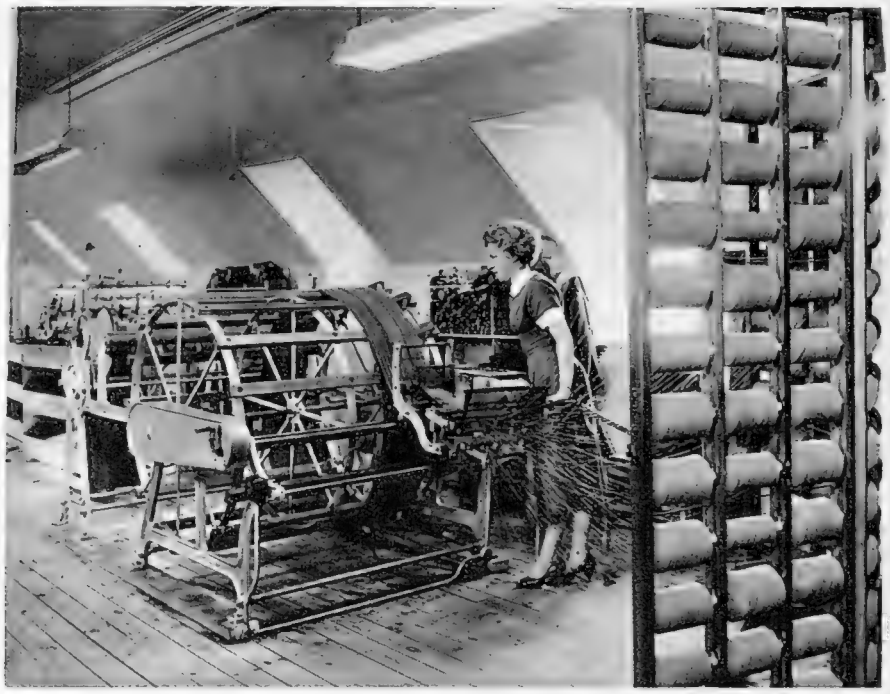
THE START OF A ROYAL TOUR

Princess Margaret Leaves London for Her Tour of East Africa

THE DRIVE FROM CLARENCE HOUSE TO LONDON AIRPORT : The Princess is wearing a white feathered cloche hat with her dark blue coat.

THE SMILING PRINCESS WAVES FROM THE DOOR OF THE AIRLINER : Her journey from London to Mombasa was made via Gibraltar, Kano and Entebbe. Mombasa was gaily decorated for the Princess's arrival last Saturday.

THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA" PREPARES FOR THE PRINCESS'S VOYAGE : She is seen entering Table Bay, Cape Town, to take on supplies, during her journey from England to Mombasa. The Royal yacht was re-routed round the Cape to avoid passing through the Suez Canal.



HAND-WOVEN TWEED FROM THE ISLE OF BUTE: *Left*—A warper is seen at work on a warping machine at the Isle of Bute Industries Ltd., the Rothesay firm owned by the Marquess of Bute. On the right of the picture are some of the 108 cheeses (the name for the rolls of woollen yarn). *Right*—A weaver threads yarn through the warp of the loom before weaving begins. The warp forms the longitudinal threads of the cloth. The export of Scottish tweeds during the first half of this year was an all-time record. More than half of the industry's exports went to North America.

SCOTTISH TWEED EARNS DOLLARS

A New Record is Established by the Industry on the Export Market

The Scottish tweed industry is continuing to earn vital dollars for the nation. In the first half of this year the exports of Scottish tweed broke all previous records, the estimated value of shipments from the Scottish factories amounting to £4,848,000, an increase of £722,000 over the corresponding period of 1955. From April to June more than 1,000,000 square yards of tweed were exported each month, most of the cloth going to the "dollar" countries of Canada and the United States of America. It was the first time that the million mark for the export of Scottish tweed had been passed. More than 9,500,000 dollars were earned from the exports to North America.

Mr. James R. Scott-Noble, president of the National Association of Scottish Woollen manufacturers, who made the announcement of the export figures, said that they were all the more remarkable when considering that "roughly one-third of all Scottish looms are still idle for want of labour." He also said that the figures did not include exports of Harris tweed or of yarn, which is supplied to the Scottish hosiery and knitwear industries, whose products are sold abroad. Deliveries of Scottish tweed in this country, however, are smaller. But this is in accordance with a Government request that more should be exported. The best post-war year for deliveries to the home market was 1951.

At the Isle of Bute Industries Limited, Rothesay, the tweeds are still woven by hand. The idea of a factory there was conceived after the war by the Marquess of Bute, then the Earl of Dumfries, himself an ex-serviceman, to start a scheme for the rehabilitation of ex-servicemen and women in the Isle of Bute. The best advice was sought, and a retired Principal of one of the largest technical colleges was co-opted on the Board to see the company through the initial stages. Most of the tweeds from Rothesay are shipped overseas.

ESSENTIAL PRELIMINARIES: *Left*—The head weaver manipulates a warp reel to ensure correct thickness of yarn before warping. *Right*—A weaver is knotting one of the warp threads on a loom. Most of the Isle of Bute's tweeds are exported, the United States, Canada and South Africa being important customers. The factory was founded after the war.

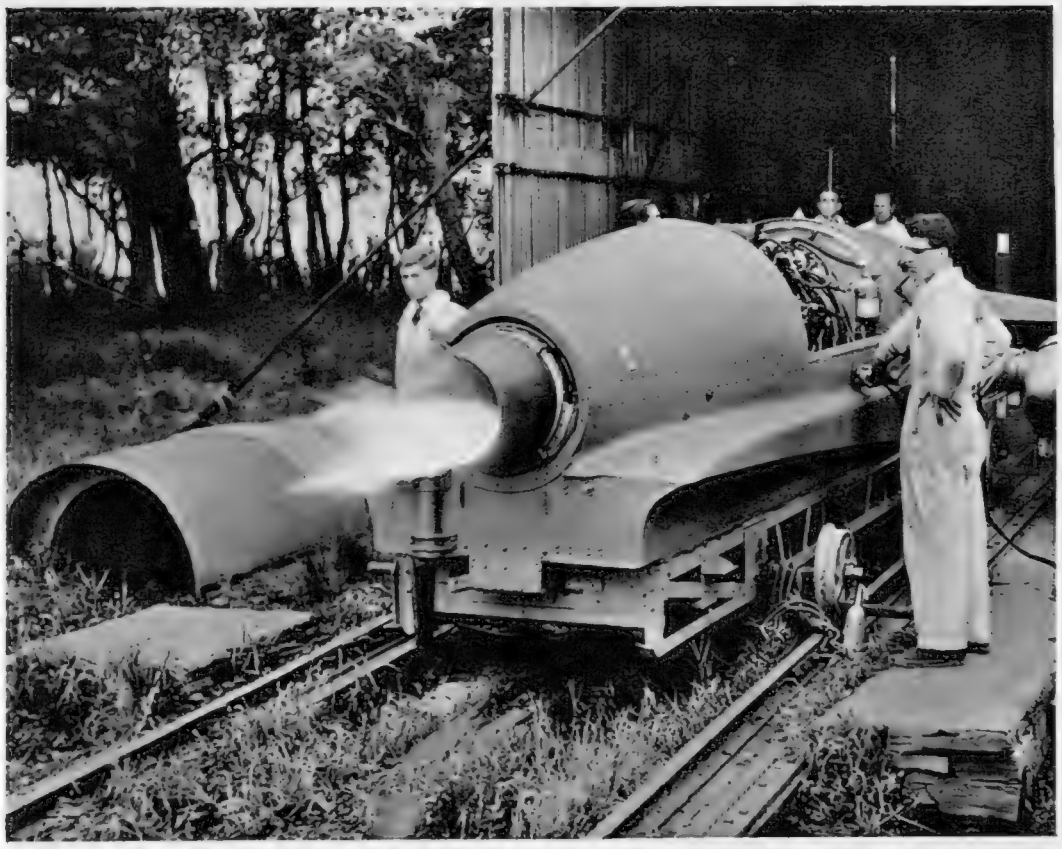
AT WORK ON THE LOOM: A weaver inserts a shuttle containing weft threads into a loom to make the cross-wise threads of the cloth. *On left*—A length of cloth is closely examined before being despatched from the Rothesay factory. At home the users of Bute handwoven tweeds include the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal Family.

DONALD CAMPBELL BREAKS HIS OWN WATER SPEED RECORD : *Bluebird* streaks across Coniston Water to break the old world record by returning an average speed of 225.63 m.p.h. On the first run over the measured mile Mr. Campbell reached the speed of 286 m.p.h. But on the return run fumes in the cockpit forced him to reduce this to 164 m.p.h. In the first run *Bluebird* travelled more than 50 m.p.h. faster than she has ever travelled before. Her previous highest speed was 230 m.p.h.

AT SPEED ON WATER

Two New World Water Speed Records are Won for Great Britain

The double run which broke the old water speed record was made by Donald Campbell after *Bluebird* had had only one previous trial. He took the opportunity of going for the record because the conditions were not unfavourable, and the time-keepers were present. Visibility, however, was not perfect, for there was a slight haze over the lake. Despite severe buffeting and the shipping of some water the first run was made in the amazing time of 286 m.p.h. After refuelling, the second run was made, but it was quite clear to the onlookers that the boat was travelling at a much slower speed. When Mr. Campbell arrived ashore afterwards he said " Something must have gone wrong. The fumes were so bad on the return trip that I nearly passed out and was just doing things automatically. I have never had such a ride in all my life." Nevertheless the average speed for the two runs, 225.63 m.p.h., broke the old record of 216 m.p.h. which he set up in America last year. At a Press conference after the announcement of the new record, Mr. Campbell said that in the first run he had taken " just too big a step " for he had not had the slightest intention of reaching anything like the speed he had in fact achieved. He added that he was not going to make an attempt on the new record at present.



" BLUEBIRD " PREPARES FOR RECORD RUN : The turbo-jet engine of *Bluebird* roars into life as it is started up prior to a preparatory run on Coniston Water, Westmorland. Hundreds of people lined the shores of the lake to watch the motor-boat break the former record of 216 m.p.h.

JUBILATION AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEW RECORD: Donald Campbell stands with his wife Dorothy and daughter Georgina. On the right is Mr. Campbell's chief engineer, Mr. Leo Villa.

On left—
A RECORD ON LAKE WINDERMERE: A forty-eight-year-old Manchester solicitor, Mr. Norman Buckley, rounds a buoy in his motor-boat *Miss Windermere III* during a record-breaking run on Lake Windermere. With a speed of 79.66 m.p.h. he set up a new one hour world water speed record for unlimited class boats. This average speed easily beat the previous best, which was 64.03 m.p.h. set up by Herr Charles von Mayenburg, of Germany. Some anxious moments were experienced during Mr. Buckley's successful attempt, just as during Mr. Campbell's. A particularly dangerous moment was when the wash from a motor-launch travelling down the lake hit *Miss Windermere III* and caused her to leap several feet into the air. Fortunately, Mr. Buckley was able to avoid the worst effects.

LONDON'S SALE ROOMS

Valuable Pictures, Porcelain and Furniture will Come Under the Hammer at Auction Rooms Next Month and in November

THIS year has been, and still is, an altogether remarkable one in the international display of important Old Master paintings and drawings. July 15, 1956, the 350th anniversary of the birth of Rembrandt Harmenszoon, son of a respected miller, Harman Gerritsz van Rijin, was celebrated in Amsterdam by the great display of the works of the artist as painter and etcher. In Rotterdam he was represented at the Boymans Museum as a draughtsman. Similar Rembrandt celebrations had, before then, been held in Stockholm and in Warsaw.

In London there is still time to see enchanting examples of the particular art for which Dutch painters became so famous and in which English public and private collections are so remarkably rich. The exhibition, " Children in Dutch Art," now at the Royal Academy, is as equally interesting to the historian of art, costume and society as to the casual visitor: moreover, few of these pictures have been seen in England before. Out of fifty-three panels exhibited, forty-three have come from Dutch royal, public and private collections.

Further evidence of the wealth of Dutch and Flemish art in English private collections is the current exhibition—which the organisers would now greatly like to extend for a further period—" Flemish Paintings from British Collections " being held in Bruges. It has been organised as Britain's gesture of thanks to the Belgian Government for their generous loans of paintings to England on many occasions in the past.

Finally, the generosity of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart has enabled several thousand seaside visitors to see some of her important little Dutch and Flemish cabinet pieces at the Brighton Art Gallery this summer. This rich, private collection is full of charming winter scenes with neatly dressed Dutch men and women—so different from Breughel's rollicking peasants—skating and promenading meditatively on frozen canals. In Mrs. Hart's "Winter Pastimes," by Aelbert Cuyp, for instance, the genius of the Dutch people expresses itself more fully than at any other time in their history. Every phase of their life in the seventeenth century is shown in their paintings with an irresistible vitality.

It is, therefore, understandable why more and more of those in a position to do so are collecting desirable pictures—and Dutch and Flemish seventeenth-century examples in particular. For that reason their appearance in art salerooms is becoming increasingly scarce: and the rarer and better the quality the higher the price. It is current taste, too, which has caused the demand for flower paintings both ancient and modern. That is to say, van Huysums and Breughels on the one hand and Fantin-Latours on the other; the varying prices depending on size, quality, attribution, date and provenance.

Similarly the current demand, especially from Italy, for Venetian eighteenth- and nineteenth-century works has sent prices for works by Canaletto, Guardi, Zuccarelli and others sky high. With good examples of pictures by Zuccarelli, which not so long ago had difficulty in selling for £50, now securing £950, the position is of some significance.

By profession the late Lucius O'Callaghan was an architect. He was also former director of the Dublin National Gallery and collected works of art all his life. His pictures and drawings, mainly by Dutch, Flemish and Italian masters of the seventeenth century with a group of eighteenth-century British works, will take all day to sell at Christie's on October 12. Among the Dutch seventeenth-century pictures is a breezy little sea piece by A. van Beyeren; " Merry Party," by Dirk Hals; two " Views on the Coast," by Jan van Goyen; and a fine still-life by Pieter de Ring.

If van Goyen was a man of business as well as a painter, speculating in real estate, tulip bulbs and works of art, de Ring was a whole-time and admirable painter of still-life and a successful follower of Jan de Heem. Almost invariably Ring introduced a *ring* into his signature. In the example to be sold at Christie's an elaborate finger ring lies on a book set amongst a vase of flowers, drinking vessels, coins and other objects of his conception.

EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH PORCELAIN OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FOR SALE ON OCTOBER 16 : *Left*—The Chelsea pineapple tureen, with a red anchor mark, is 6½ ins. high. It is a fine example of a great period in English antique porcelain. To-day the productions of the Chelsea painters and modellers are becoming increasingly rare in London sales. *Right*—The melon tea-pot, the sugar bowl and the leaf tea-pot were made at Longton Hall, in Derbyshire. All these lots are being auctioned in London on October 16 at Sotheby's salerooms.

A CONCEIT BY A DUTCH PAINTER : The still-life by the seventeenth-century artist Pieter de Ring has an elaborate finger ring on the book below the skull. Almost invariably the painter introduced a ring into his signature. This is one of the works from the valuable Lucius O'Callaghan collection for sale at Christie's on October 12.

Something over a hundred years after Ring, i.e., in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, England began introducing the type of furniture which is to-day so highly esteemed by all levels of collectors. The half century or so after 1760 also marked the zenith of English cabinet-making. During this period the closest harmony existed between the work of the architect and that of the furniture-maker. The skill of the craftsman was at its highest. English furniture in the neo-classical style set a European fashion, and equalled in technique the best work of the great cabinet-makers: two facts which give point to Hepplewhite's statement in 1788 that " English taste and workmanship have, of late years, been much sought for by surrounding nations."

The reaction to the Adam style had set in before the end of the century: and although the political limits of the Regency period were from 1811 to 1820, yet the new furniture style given the general name of " Regency " by no means coincided with the political dates. Changes in design were clearly evident before the close of the eighteenth century.

Thomas Sheraton's *Drawing Book*, published between 1791 and 1794, reflected the emphasis on the new light and delicate furniture, and how difficult it was to make. Turned legs on chairs and tables, of slender proportions and often fluted, were fashionable, and about 1800 spiral-twisted turning could be found on chair legs and backs. The backs were left as " open " as possible. As can be seen in two examples from a set of six single and two armchairs which will be offered at Christie's on November 1, they were sometimes filled with a single cross rail or a pair of rails with a decorative feature between: or, again, sometimes with a panel of cane set in a small frame. Another feature of the chairs of the period was that their arms swept back in a pronounced S-curve.

Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, that indefatigable diarist who wrote between 1756 and 1808 to give us to-day such intimate glimpses of the domestic activities of the upper classes of those days, does not fail to mention china collecting. After a visit to Lady Dashwood's china-room at Kirtlington Park in 1778, she recorded it as " The most elegant I ever saw . . . ornamented with the finest pieces of the oldest china . . . the recesses and shelves painted pea-green."

This phrase " oldest china " could hardly have referred to English porcelain, which would only have been made some twenty years previously. But it nevertheless gives an insight into collecting in those days: and times have in no way changed in that respect to-day. There are collectors of all classes, men and women, who collect pottery and porcelain and who have shelves painted if not in pea-green in some neutral colour.

Some prefer to display the often flamboyant Continental porcelain, others, in spite of its current rarity and consequent rise in price, English porcelain from Chelsea, Bow, Derby and other factories. Here again we see the art which catered for the taste of the rich in eighteenth-century England. Particularly the delicate porcelain figures and groups, especially from about 1760, were popular as ornaments for chimneypieces and cabinets in better-class families.

The repertory of the Chelsea painters and modellers was soon to increase and we find the type of productions which appear, even though, again, with increasing rarity, in the two main salerooms of London: tureens and dishes simulating birds, animals and vegetables and the innumerable figure subjects. A 6½-in.-high Chelsea pineapple tureen, with red anchor-mark, to be sold at Sotheby's on October 16, is, in fact, a desirable representative of a great period in English antique porcelain.

BY A SOLDIER-ARTIST: This is one of a series of twenty-one water-colour drawings of Napoleon's 1812 campaign in Russia by Albrecht Adam. The Emperor, on the grey horse, is being cheered by the passing troops. It is in the items from the André de Coppet collection being offered at Sotheby's on October 15 and 16. Adam (1786-1852) was a German painter who joined Bonaparte's army and saw service in Russia in the 1812 campaign.

On left—

"A MERRY PARTY": The artist is Dirk Hals and the painting will be auctioned at the Lucius O'Callaghan sale at Christie's. Mr. O'Callaghan was Director of the Dublin National Gallery and himself an art collector. The pictures and drawings being offered on October 12 are mainly by Dutch, Flemish and Italian seventeenth-century masters with some eighteenth-century British works.

Below—

IN AID OF A LONDON HOSPITAL: The eighteenth-century English artist William Marlow was the painter of "View of the City and Part of the Bay of Naples." It is one of 120 lots coming up at an art sale being held at Christie's on November 6 in aid of the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, in St. John's Wood, London. The auction starts at 9 o'clock in the evening.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Roland Culver Plays in His Own Comedy, *A River Breeze*, at the Phœnix Theatre

Roland Culver, in *A River Breeze* at the Phœnix Theatre, has written a neat drawing-room comedy with some amusing incidents for himself and Naunton Wayne to exploit. The slender plot involves the identity of two girls who were taken by the wrong mothers from the nursing home. The mistake is not discovered until they are grown up, and by then each has become a devoted member of the other's family. When the play opens, it is Henley Regatta week, and the "parents" are so involved in it that the revelation of their "daughter" being their ward is of slight concern to them. It is not until the girl realises that she is in love with the man she had known as her brother that the exchange begins to have significance. Throughout this good-humoured piece, the "uncle" of the girl (Roland Culver, the author) weaves his way as a lovable, eccentric colonel who is at a loss to understand the casual attitude of his sister, brother-in-law and "niece." The comedy is maintained by a series of farcical interruptions caused by expensive telephone calls from the colonel's wife, and from a cheerful, amateur psychologist whose motor-launch has broken down in the middle of the regatta course.

A TRUNK CALL FROM A TIRESOME WIFE: Roland Culver is forced by his sister (played by Phyllis Calvert) to speak to his wife, from whom he has fled. On the left is Naunton Wayne. This is one of the many amusing scenes in *A River Breeze* at the Phœnix Theatre, the new comedy written by Roland Culver and produced by Jack Minster.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY: Phyllis Calvert astonishes her brother when telling how she brought the wrong baby back from the nursing home. The "family" had become so devoted that they decided to leave matters as they were and say nothing when the true identities were revealed. From the left are Ann Firbank, Phyllis Calvert, Naunton Wayne and Roland Culver.

AN UNEXPECTED CALLER: Into the main problem of mistaken identity in the Denney's household comes the minor one of the amateur psychologist whose boat has broken down on the river nearby. From left are Patrick Cargill, Phyllis Calvert and Naunton Wayne.

COMEDY WITH MIXING MACHINE: Roland Culver, Phyllis Calvert and Moray Watson watch appreciatively while Naunton Wayne demonstrates the latest gadget to take his fancy, a "chef" mixer.

PREPARING FOR THE U.S. ELECTION

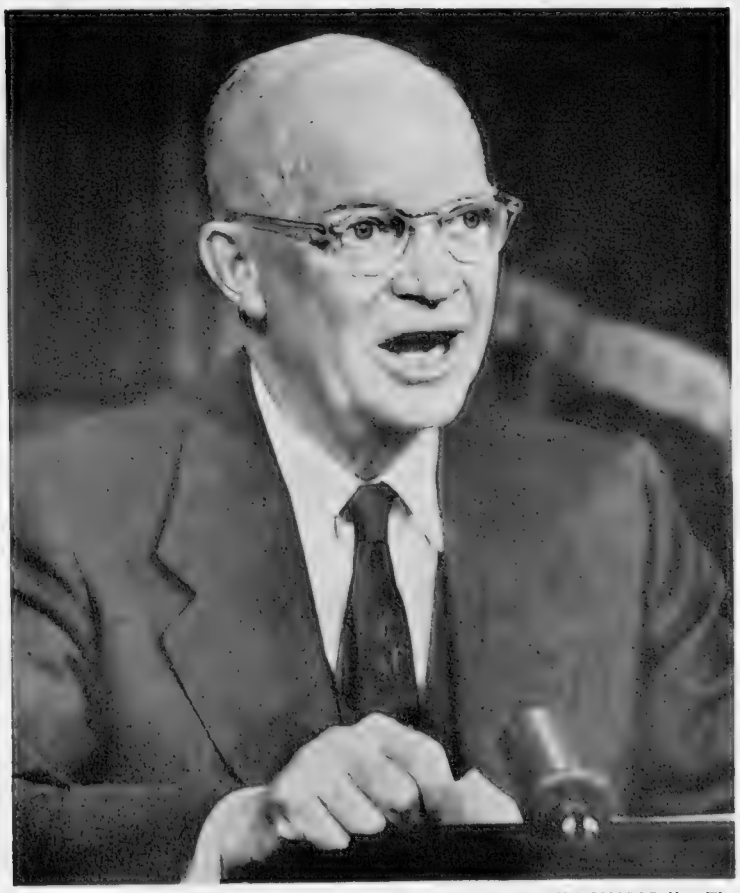
President Eisenhower Starts on his Campaign for Re-election to the White House

A VISIT FROM HIS GRANDCHILDREN: Sitting on the front seat next to the President is his grandson David. Susan is on Mrs. Eisenhower's knee and Barbara Anne is on the left. The children were visiting their grandfather on his farm at Gettysburg before he began his election campaign.

AFTER HIS FIRST MAJOR CAMPAIGN SPEECH: Mrs. Eisenhower stands by the President as he picks up his script at the end of his television speech from a studio in Washington last week. This broadcast address opened his personal campaign for re-election to the White House in six weeks time. Mr. Eisenhower referred to the achievements of his Government's policies, but his central theme concerned the subject of peace. He said that this one word reached everybody in the United States and in the farthest corners of the earth. Regarding his health, he added: "I am confident of my own physical strength to meet all the responsibilities of the Presidency to-day and in the years just ahead. If I were not so convinced I would never have accepted renomination to this office. I hope this conviction—this peace of mind—may bring assurance to many others, as I stand ready to serve as your President for another four years, if this be your will."

On left—

A CONFERENCE WITH A SENATOR: President Eisenhower talks in the White House with Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, of Iowa. The Senator is one of the members of the American Congress who is seeking re-election at the polls this year.



"TO SERVE THE NEEDS RATHER THAN THE FEARS OF THE WORLD": The President makes this definition of America's basic aims during his rousing election address on peace over a nationwide television network.

"GOOD LUCK" TO HIS PARTNER: In the White House, Mr. Eisenhower gives a warm send-off to Vice-President Nixon as the latter prepares to start on a speaking tour which will cover some 15,000 miles. They had been attending a breakfast to launch their joint campaign.

"BATTLE" ON LAKE COMO

A Famous Struggle is Re-enacted as a Pageant on the Lake in North Italy

Foreigners are firmly convinced that England is the home of tradition. Yet if an annual survey was made of pageants based on the past, it is probable that England would not be in the first place. The palm might well be disputed between Italy, Germany and Spain. This year Italy has added at least one to her long list of traditional festivals. On Lake Como, in the extreme north of the country, historic battles of 800 years ago were re-enacted.

From 1107 to 1127 Como was the main centre of a war which was unusually bloody and bitter, even for the early Middle Ages. The Lombard League, headed by Milan, was rapidly overrunning the whole of what is now North Italy. Como alone resisted this tyranny. According to legend, a dragon which lived in the lake had something to do with both the cause of the resistance and the struggle which followed.

It was this dragon-inspired war which was celebrated for the first time by a magnificent water pageant at the beginning of this month. It was a splendid re-enactment of history for the large crowd of spectators who came to the shores of the lake.

Needless to say, the dragon—or, rather, its wooden counterpart, floating in the lake—played an important part in the proceedings. Upon its back the warriors of Como and Milan fought each other in individual combat.

Another piece of medieval history brought to life for the twentieth century was the declaration of war by the Tribunal of Como against the Lombard League. The members sailed out on to the lake, and in sonorous Latin, defiance was hurled against the tyrants. However the pageant finished with a pacific gesture, sheep—symbols of peace—being ferried out on the water and presented to the champions of both sides.

THE CAUSE OF THE DISPUTE: A warrior from Como forces down an opponent from Milan, which headed the Lombard League in the twelfth century, as they fight on the back of a "dragon" in the lake. According to legend, a dragon caused the long war. *Left*—The duel begins between the rival champions of Como and Milan.

SYMBOLS OF PEACE: Sheep are ferried out into the lake for presentation to the triumphant warriors in the mock tourneys. The animals are regarded as symbols of peace and are thus evidence that the distant quarrel between Como and Milan is now considered to be amicably settled.

THE "DECLARATION OF WAR": The Tribunal of Como sails in state to announce its declaration of war against the tyrants of the "proud and ambitious" Lombard League. On the breakwater in the background are rival warriors ready to do battle.

WAR OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY RETURNS IN THE FORM OF A PAGEANT ON LAKE COMO: The ships are replicas of the vessels which took part in the war between Como and the Lombard League from 1107 to 1127. Those manning the ships and boats are some of the 500 local inhabitants who dressed in period costume for this pageant. Among the large number of spectators were many tourists. The festival was held for the first time this year. It is hoped it will become an annual event.

A DRAWN CONTEST: Two antagonists who have been duelling on the back of the "dragon" on Lake Como are both seen here plunging into the water. The feet of the representative of Como are visible over the stern of the boat on the left as he dives in, head first, dropping his lance. Milan's champion goes in feet first in the centre. Around them are some of the many period boats manned by crews in costume which were a feature of the festival. The pageant was seen on television.

COMMERCIAL VEHICLES ON SHOW

New Designs at the International Commercial Motor Show

The biennial International Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition at Earl's Court, which is organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, is the eighteenth in the series. As well as vehicles from the factories of this country there are exhibits from Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Holland, Sweden and the United States of America. Another country, Italy, has provided the bodywork for a coach mounted on a British chassis. The exhibition, which is the biggest of its kind yet staged at Earl's Court, follows the traditional pattern and is divided between the two floors of the vast hall. Commercial vehicles of almost every description, ranging from small vans to mammoth tractors, occupy the ground floor, while on the first floor will be found an overflow of bodywork and trailers, as well as the various components, tyres and servicing equipment necessary to the smooth running of the industry.

Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, who opened the exhibition, referred in a speech to some great multi-wheeled vehicles, capable of shifting loads of 80 tons or more, and said, " Monsters of that size have an important part to play in transporting the heavy equipment for atomic power plants and oil refineries in many parts of the world." The exhibition at Earl's Court is due to close to-night (Saturday).

ON SHOW AT EARL'S COURT: This new Royal Tiger Worldmaster coach by Leyland Motors Limited, with bodywork by an Italian company, is intended for use in Italy: 36 ft. long and 8 ft. wide, it has a 20-ft. wheel base. The coach forms part of the eighteenth International Commercial Motor Show at Earl's Court.

NERVE CENTRE OF A MASSIVE SIX-WHEELER: The Scammell six-wheel drive Constructor for oil-well rig work has a load capacity of 33 tons. It is 34 ft. 4½ ins. long.

TWO-PEDAL DRIVE ON THE STANDARD 6-CWT. DELIVERY VAN: It incorporates the use of a gear-lever with a built-in clutch which eliminates the clutch pedal.

BRINGING THE BEER: A head-on view of a Seddon Diesel vehicle which has been built for a brewer. The body is shaped in the form of a beer bottle.

NEW DESIGNS FOR DOUBLE-DECKER BUSES: *Left*—The engine of the Leyland Atlantean double-deck bus is fitted at the rear of the vehicle. This leaves the front entrance space, alongside the driver, clear for passengers. The doors of this 78-seater are power-operated by the driver. *Right*—The upper saloon top of the A.E.C. Regent Mark V double-decker is detachable. It is made of fibre-glass reinforced plastic by Park Royal Vehicles, Limited. There are many buses on show.

BIRDS AND BEASTS

Young and Old in Various Poses at the London and Zurich Zoos

A PROUD FATHER: George, the King Penguin, looks down on his infant chick at the Zoo in Regent's Park, London. The baby bird is the second King Penguin to be hatched there recently.

SUPERCILIOUS ADULTS: Angus, the other King Penguin chick of the London Zoo, seems rather overawed by his elders as they stand in the enclosure with their beaks pointing upwards in stand-offish pose. At two months, Angus's plumage is still dowdy, and possibly he is being made to feel the difference in his appearance from the adult birds around him.

SAFE AND SNUG: An old tin-can makes a comfortable hide-out for Smithy, a Bosman's potto, at the London Zoo, and from it he surveys his surroundings with a feeling of security. This animal's natural home is West Africa.

A UNIQUE MOTHER AND CHILD: Joimo, an Indian rhinoceros from Assam, stands behind her infant son in the Zoo at Zurich, in Switzerland. The baby beast, which has yet to be given a name, is believed to be the first Indian rhinoceros to be born in captivity.

A PAIR OF RARE PUPPIES: The twin pups are Xoloizcuintles (Mexican hairless dogs) and they are being watched feeding by their mother, Tlapehuala, in the quarantine quarters of the Zoo in London. They were born there last month, the births being the first of the species recorded in the quarantine quarters. The bitch arrived in the Zoo in June, and she and her puppies will be staying in quarantine until the end of the year. Mexican hairless dogs once ran wild in Mexico but are now very rare. Indeed, at one time steps had to be taken to preserve them from extinction.

THAT "AFTER-LUNCHEON" FEELING: Neville and Daisy, two of the hippopotami belonging to the London Zoo, settle down to enjoy a nap by the side of the pool in which their giant snouts are reflected. The two large mammals had just finished a meal and a swim.

The Sphere of Travel

TICINO

The Italian-speaking Canton, Different from Alpine Switzerland, Offers Late Holidays

By GORDON COOPER

EACH time that I visit Switzerland, a country half the size of Scotland and with less than a half of London's population, I am impressed by its quite amazing contrasts and differences. Most of us, for instance, picture the word "Switzerland" as being the country of the Alps. But the Ticino, the province from which I have just returned, must be considered apart from the Alps. In this Swiss canton Italian is the language and almost everything is different: religion, physical features, vegetation, manners.

The traveller by train from the north encounters this change in dramatic fashion. As one comes out of the St. Gothard tunnel, one forgets the Alpine austerity of the wide valley of Andermatt from which one entered it. One sees a tumbling mountain scenery, essentially romantic and not in the least degree "Swiss." Before long, an occasional palm comes into view as one drops down towards Bellinzona and the plain below. Thirty minutes later, whether his destination is Locarno or Lugano, the visitor feels that he has arrived in the country of the *Italian* lakes, even though half of the Lake of Lugano and one-fifth of the Lago Maggiore belong to Switzerland.

My journey from a rain-sodden London to a sun-drenched Lugano took just over six hours. Travelling by Swissair, from London Airport, the comfortable two-hour flight to Zurich, during which a good meal speeded the time, was followed by four hours in a train. How effortless the superb efficiency of the Swiss railways; and how irritating the comparatively long time taken to travel from the Air Terminal in London to the airport.

Lugano claims to enjoy Switzerland's maximum hours of sunshine, although I think its neighbour, Locarno, must be its equal. Both resorts are especially favoured in this respect during October, so that if any reader is seeking the sun for a late holiday, then I would strongly urge consideration of the Ticino. Even November, the worst month in Europe generally for holiday weather, can be recommended for a stay in Locarno or in its nearby satellites, Ascona and Brissago. In all three places the northern mountains provide a welcome barrier against cold winds.

Without invidious comparison, I consider that no other lake in Europe can show a bay of so lovely a curve as that of Lugano. I stayed at the Hotel Splendide on the lakeside, in the quarter known as Paradiso—a name wholly justified. Each morning the warm sunshine flooded my room, from which I looked out over the wide blue lake, backed by high mountains. Just below, was the tempting promenade, with its palm trees and weeping willows and cypresses, as well as many flowering shrubs and bright flower-beds. After dark, the whole of the adjacent hillsides sparkled and glistened with lights like a jewel.

AWAY FROM THE NOISE AND BUSTLE OF CITIES: Fusio, in the Valle Maggia, is at the end of the road from Locarno. This is one of the many attractive, out-of-the-world villages in the Canton of Ticino, where Italian is the language spoken and almost everything else is different from the rest of Switzerland.

Small wonder that this particular Swiss resort now leads the country in tourist popularity, with British and German visitors predominating. Not least of the attractions is that there is always something to do in Lugano. Apart from a variety of organised entertainments, there is a remarkable municipal park with luxuriant sub-tropical vegetation and trees from every corner of the earth. Then one can go to nearby Gandria by boat, bus or on foot to see the jumble of Italian-looking houses which cling to an almost vertical hillside and look as though they might topple into the lake. This is naturally a favoured spot with artists and photographers.

Half-way to Gandria there is the Villa Favorita at Castagnola. It houses the magnificent private collection of pictures belonging to Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza. A stately avenue of cypress trees leads you to the fine modern gallery, buried in trees behind the orangery, where there are some fine examples of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, French, German and English schools from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century.

There are plenty of longer excursions from Lugano, several of them by motor-boat and steamer. Across the lake is the curious Italian enclave of Campione, which thrives on its gambling casino. From Lanzi d'Intelvi, a small Italian resort high up over the lake, there is a fine panoramic view. Among the interesting Swiss lakeside villages are Bissone, Melide, Morcote, Magliaso and Ponte Tresa, all of which can be recommended for those desiring a small resort in which to stay.

At Melide there is a fine luxury hotel, housed in an ancient mansion, which after dark offers first-class night-club entertainment. Morcote in the Middle Ages produced an amazing number of famous sons, including painters, sculptors and architects. Among these illustrious men, the most distinguished was Domenico Fontana, the builder of the façade of San Giovanni in Laterano, in Rome, and of the apostolic palace and many other palaces in the Italian capital. There are also the masons and stone-cutters who came from this spot to help build the cathedral of Milan, the Certosa at Pavia, and many other famous Italian cathedrals.

Among the road and rail excursions are those which take you to Locarno, the Borromean Islands, Monte Ceneri, Como, Montreux and Tesserete. From the last-named mountain village, reached in thirty minutes by electric train from Lugano, there is the opportunity to travel farther on by Postal Motor-Coach through the wild and romantic Colla Valley, where as so often in Switzerland time seems to have stood still for many years.

But of all expeditions from Lugano the best, *provided the weather is good*, is the one to Monte Generoso. You go up the mountain from Capolago by the quaintest funicular I have ever seen. From the summit, there is a dramatic panorama of Olympian grandeur. Your eye is offered a superb view of the Italian, Swiss and Austrian Alps to the north and of the North Italian lakes, the Po Valley and the Apennines to the south. This is perhaps the finest view in Switzerland, while the mountain is also famous for its flora, being a garden of wild flowers in June and a happy hunting-ground for botanists.

Second only to Monte Generoso is Monte Lema, north-west of Lugano, whose summit can now be reached by chair-lift. From this height there is a magnificent panorama of the Grison, Tessin, Bernese and Valaisian Alps, topped by the snow-covered Monte Rosa, and an extensive view over the picturesque villages and deep valleys of the Malcantone, the Lake of Lugano and Lake Maggiore. On clear days it is even possible to catch a glimpse of the Apennines beyond the Lombardy Plain.

From Lugano I went to Locarno (an hour's journey by train) and found myself in a much less crowded atmosphere, for this

On left—

AN EXCELLENT CENTRE FOR EXPLORING THE TICINO: Locarno lies by Lake Maggiore. In the foreground is the church of Santa Maria del Sasso. Beyond the lake are the peaks above the Valle Verzasca.

A CLAIMANT FOR SWITZERLAND'S MAXIMUM HOURS OF SUNSHINE: Looking from above a café terrace on Monte Bré, Lugano runs along the bay opposite, with Monte San Salvatore on the left. This beautifully situated town claims to enjoy the maximum hours of sunshine in Switzerland and, with Locarno, is especially favoured in this respect in October and even November. Lugano is popular with British visitors. Not least of its attractions is that there is always something to do.

er resort has so far missed the attentions of the ula r travel agents with their mass tours, and thus ins a certain elegance. There is plenty, nevertheless, for vis tor to do, and it is an excellent centre from which xp ore some of the loveliest valleys of the Ticino. Am ong these valley excursions none is pleasanter than or e which takes you up the Valle Verzasca, passing era idyllic villages and continuing on by mountain road to Frasco and Sonogo, the latter offering a perfect escapist retreat amid inspiring scenery.

The Valle Maggia provides another rewarding excursion bringing you to more attractive villages, including Bignasco (specially recommended for a stay), and many beautiful waterfalls. The road ends at tiny Fusio, a veritable gem for those content with simple inn accommodation. Here you get that lonely, out-of-the-world atmosphere which appeals to those wishing to get away from the bustle of cities.

Most people, however, will prefer the more sophisticated conditions in Locarno, where there are good hotels and shops, while in the surrounding rich countryside you find laurels and fig-trees, pomegranates, palms and bamboo, and also extensive chestnut forests and fine vineyards.

Three miles west of Locarno is the lakeside resort of Ascona. It is just the place I would choose for a rest cure. Along its waterfront the children play in the shade of the trees, the fishermen tend their nets, and the women kneel by the water's edge giving the first rinse to their washing. The town is a very old one, and parts of three of its castles and the chapel of the fourth are still standing. Both the hotels I recommend are as pleasant as any in the Ticino. Incidentally, both Locarno and Ascona provide outstanding musical entertainment, as well as other amusements, so that there is always something to do in the evenings.

Brissago, the southernmost town on the Swiss shore, is the only other place of importance beside Lake Maggiore. It is famous for its cigars—those long thin ones with a straw through their centres. While the dark ones are pretty strong, there are others of Sumatra tobacco which I find quite smokable. As a resort, it is best suited for those content with a quiet holiday, and is, I imagine, the warmest spot in the Ticino. The choice of satisfactory accommodation, however, is limited to my single recommendation.

AN ATTRACTION FOR ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS: The Italian-style houses of Gandria come right down to the side of Lake Lugano. This small town, where the buildings cling almost vertically to the hillside, can be reached by boat, bus or train from Lugano and is very popular as a subject for painting or photography.

USEFUL INFORMATION

For further information apply to: Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand, London, W.C.2, or to the local Information Offices in Lugano, Locarno, Ascona and Brissago.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Lugano	..	Splendide (L), Villa Castagnola (1).
Melide	..	La Romantica (L), Du Parc (2).
Morcote	..	Carina-Carlton (2).
Ponte Tresa	..	Bellavista (2).
Magliaso	..	Golf (2).
Tesserete	..	Kurhaus (2).
Locarno	..	Park (1), Beau-Rivage (2).
Ascona	..	Monte Verità (1), Tamaro (2).
Brissago	..	Brenscino (2).

L = Luxury category. 1 = First category. 2 = Second category.

The World of Books By VERNON FANE

AFRICA—YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

A New Life of Cecil Rhodes; a Traveller in Africa; George Moore; Lord Brabazon's Reminiscences; Mary Pickford; Nicholas Monsarrat's Latest Novel and Other Fiction

IT should be some sort of distinction—though I am not quite sure *what* sort—to have been brought up in an English nursery of which the sole decoration was a vast, framed photograph of Cecil Rhodes' house near Cape Town, Groote Schuur, which now belongs to the nation and remains a dignified and beautiful building. Whatever else this mute early influence has done, it has given your reviewer a perennial interest in the legend and the facts of Rhodes' life and in the way in which this extraordinary figure affected everyone who came into his orbit, including the biographers who never met him.

Mr. Felix Gross is the latest of these and his RHODES OF AFRICA (Cassell. 25s.), while not literally a monumental work, is the result of much patient research into contemporary documents, newspapers and journals and of interviews with some of Rhodes' contemporaries. Mr. Gross evidently formed a highly personal opinion of his subject in the course of his writing. It is a provocative book; uneven, stimulating and successful in so far as it focuses attention once more on the man of whom his friend W. T. Stead once wrote: "It is seldom in the annals of the empire that one man has been permitted in his brief career to illustrate both the qualities which build up empires and faults which destroy them."

The country that Rhodes loved and for which he had so many ambitions, bound up with his own, is the subject of Mr. James Riddell's book of travel experiences, AFRICAN WONDERLAND (Robert Hale. 18s.). Mr. Riddell might well be the man for whom Stevenson wrote that to travel hopefully was better than to arrive, for whether by ancient river steamer, train, car, aircraft or on foot, he is one of that small and enviable band of people who relish the actual business of travelling, finding fresh delights to counterbalance the discomforts and new friends, black, white and brown, to enliven each stage of his journey. When I add that his ski-ing is in the Olympic class, that he has travelled up and down Africa in as many directions as there are and that he once flew to Australia and back with Nevil Shute in a single-engined aeroplane, you will have some idea of the kind of man this author is. It is also worthy of note that he knows how to write and has a fresh and attractive style in which to convey the hazards and rewards of his journeyings.

Does anybody read George Moore nowadays? His works, in their distinctive marbled bindings, hand-set and as finicky as himself, languish on many a library shelf. His has been one of the early century reputations which has not worn well. He was an exquisite stylist and a devastatingly malicious critic. Such things have little survival value if the content is artistically exiguous. Miss Nancy Cunard turns the pyrotechnics of her poetic prose on to this formidable Irishman.

Miss Cunard's piece is a caricature written with love and devotion. She even seeks to do what no one has ever attempted, which is to dispute the legend that he was a great non-kisser and teller. G.M., MEMORIES OF GEORGE MOORE (Hart-Davis. 25s.) is a fascinating obituary of the man who once described Conrad's style as "the wreckage of R. L. Stevenson floating on the slops of Henry James."

Lord Brabazon of Tara is presumably also an Irishman and not more shy a violet than George Moore. But his activities, as he is at pains to tell us in THE BRABAZON STORY (Heinemann. 25s.), have been almost entirely extrovert and mainly concerned with motor-cars, aeroplanes, the Cresta Run, golf and politics. In a great many of these activities he was the first: in some of them he continues a remarkable career, as for instance hurtling down the Cresta at over seventy. Sir Winston Churchill placed a key defence ministry in his charge during the war.

This is a book which no London club, no motoring or aviation association, no golfers or politicians, and certainly no A.A. scout should be without.

Miss Mary Pickford is a fabulous character, too. She is the original prototype of the movie star, with this difference, that she appears to have a very fine knowledge of double-entry book-keeping, which invaluable attribute she shares with Mr. Charles Chaplin. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW (Heinemann. 25s.) is as revealing as

A NEW PYRAMID IS DISCOVERED: Dr. Zakaria Goneim, Chief Inspector of Antiquities at Sakkara, Egypt, examines the "funeral wreath" on top of the alabaster sarcophagus in the pyramid of the third Egyptian Dynasty (2780-2720 B.C.), which he recently discovered at Sakkara. This is one of the illustrations in Dr. Goneim's book, *The Buried Pyramid* (Longmans 18s.), in which he describes his excavations. The foreword is by Mr. Leonard Cottrell.

most autobiographies and one of the nicest things about it is that Miss Pickford seems to have been very happy in her life. She has been loved by millions, she has herself been in love with a near-genius (Douglas Fairbanks, Snr.), and has been loved devotedly and wholeheartedly in her private life ever since.

RAYMOND AND I (Hogarth Press. 21s.) is certainly the strangest book of the week, both in its subject matter and in the circumstances of its publication. The author was an American actress of great distinction who made her name, partly in the earliest productions of Ibsen's plays in London and partly as a best-selling novelist. Elizabeth Robins was very much a personage in her own right and in both these worlds. One of her brothers was a lawyer with a good practice in San Francisco and between these two existed a close and devoted relationship. In 1900 Elizabeth left London to join him in the Yukon where he had gone to look for gold and where he had remained as a spiritual leader of that pioneering community.

This book is the story of the expedition, of her extraordinary and unruffled acceptance of the bleak and savage conditions of life in the Klondike and of her return, after a serious illness, to London and her other life. She wrote the book in 1934 with instructions that it should not be published until after her brother's death, which occurred last year, three years after her own.

COMRADE X (Harvill. 21s.) is a volume of autobiography by the Russian scientist G. A. Tokaev and covers the period from 1935 to 1948, when he escaped to the West. He was, for the greater part of this time, a leading figure in his own country. His book deals partly with his work under the regime, partly with his own growing rebellion against some of the Communist Party's activities and partly with the composition and scope of the higher brackets of the M.V.D.

The first of the novels this week is Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat's long and rewarding book, THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD (Cassell. 18s.). It is dedicated to the premise that the British civilians who administer our colonies and dependencies are a cool, devoted, sensible and often extremely brave group of men who, under every sort of constant criticism, from the uninformed to the biassed and the downright vicious, have done a wonderful job and are still doing it day by day. This dedication, I must add, is implicit in every page of the 500-odd and it makes a magnificent thing of a story about an island off the coast of Africa, an imaginary place served by imaginary characters and yet completely real. Often tough reading, sometimes crude, sometimes funny, in the main brilliantly perceptive and at all times brilliantly readable.

A SORT OF BEAUTY (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) is about modern Siam and about the adventures, largely amorous, of a pleasant but slightly oafish young Englishman who goes there as a commercial traveller. Mr. Jack Reynolds, who lives there, writes charmingly about the country and with considerable frankness about its ways.

There is, in the Civil Service, and in the national corporations, a circumstance known as the Trained Mind. It infests the administrative grade, usually has a Double First, conducts intrigues with all the ecstatic frenzy of a society of spinsters and spends its ample leisure in those measureless caverns known as Pall Mall clubs. Its manners makyth man. Mr. Robert Waller, in SHADOW OF AUTHORITY (Cape. 13s. 6d.), has made a readable satirical novel entirely peopled by such types.

HOMECOMINGS (Macmillan. 15s.) is the sixth novel in the series that Dr. C. P. Snow is writing about his personage, Lewis Eliot, the present volume showing him during the period between 1938, and the restless post-war days. Like its predecessors it is Proustian, analytical, extremely clever and as polished as jet.

A VISIT TO EIRE

Halliday Sutherland's Engaging Travel Book

Halliday Sutherland set the stamp of his genius and the mark of his large-hearted humanity upon his great autobiography *Arches of the Years*. Everything that he has written since has followed the same engaging pattern, and the latest addition to his works, IRISH JOURNEY (Geoffrey Bles. 15s.), is certainly no exception. Here he writes of the Ireland he saw during a recent tour he made of the country. There are fascinating comparisons with visits made by the author in earlier days. It is not out of national character that the chapter entitled *I Meet de Valera* should begin with an account of some complicated betting transactions at Leopardstown races. In another chapter he tells the fascinating story of the Legion of Mary (Ireland's greatest contribution since the Middle Ages to the life of the Roman Catholic Church). How the Legion visited the fallen ladies of Dublin's Tyrone Street, compelling the owners of the houses to abandon their trade, is quite a story. This is an Irish Journey full of charm, shocks, and delightful surprises. Halliday Sutherland's postscript is a neat one. "There can be no peace between England and Ireland," he says, "until England remembers and Ireland forgets."

"WIFE: I wish you would speak to the butler. INSIGNIFICANT HUSBAND: Why should I? He never speaks to me." That is but one sample of the ageless, but not always undated humour of *Punch*, that virile weekly which alike in peace and war, alike in an age of parlour maids and butlers and a servantless age, in a horse-drawn era, in a mad world of internal-combustion engines and the hasting world of jets, has issued its pungent commentaries upon the daily scene, reviewing the habits and social customs of every section of the community. In A CENTURY OF PUNCH (Heinemann. 30s.) Mr. R. E. Williams, for twenty-six years a staff member, has brought together what he considers to be the journal's 1,000 best drawings. Nearly 200 *Punch* artists, past and present, are represented in this rumbustious anthology. Some of the pictures are captionless, some have eight-line legends ("collapse of stout party," and so on), but all are imbued with that mystic essence of humour, so hard to define, which belongs to the great *Punch* tradition.

Emily MacManus was certain to write a brisk and breezy autobiography. Despite her modesty, she has never hidden her views from the world and has been almost as active in retirement as she was in her days as Matron of Guy's Hospital and in the casualty clearing stations of the Western Front during the First World War. She calls her book MATRON OF GUY'S (Andrew Melrose. 25s.). Emily MacManus is unassuming enough about the very full life of service she has led for others, but the factual record is an inspiration in itself. As L. A. G. Strong, the author's cousin, says in his introduction, "Nurses meet people when the walls are down"; it is this factor that no doubt makes this such an intensely human document.

Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery, has now written a sequel to his series of studies of modern English painters which appeared in 1952. MODERN ENGLISH PAINTERS: LEWIS TO MOORE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 35s.) is, like its predecessor, mainly concerned not with tendencies and movements, but with individual painters. With the exception of J. D. Innes, the author has had the advantage of personal knowledge of all his subjects. Wyndham Lewis, Duncan Grant, L. S. Lowry, Paul Nash, Mark Gertler, Roy de Maistre, and Henry Moore are among those about whom Sir John writes with such knowledge and authority.

Finally here are two great stories of adventure in the North American hinterlands. Richmond Hobson's NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR A COWBOY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is the contemporary story of the building of a great new cattle empire in the half-explored wilderness of British Columbia. How at the outbreak of war, when the cattle company he served was caught with no financial reserves, Mr. Hobson and a handful of other tough and devoted riders fought rebellious cattle, hungry wolves, and wild horses makes intensely exciting reading. In LAND OF THE LONG DAY (Harrap. in association with Clarke, Irwin, Toronto 21s.) Doug Wilkinson, a young Canadian who has known the Eskimos as few white men have known them, living with them for over a year and sharing their community life, describes his remarkable experience at Pond Inlet. He has made it his special task to study ways and means of bridging the vast differences in the Eskimo way of life and that of the white man. There are first-rate photographs in half-tone and colour.

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LAND, SEA AND AIR

Pictures of Unique or Original Undertakings from Various parts of Britain

THE LARGEST DRY DOCK IN THE NORTH-EAST OF ENGLAND: The tanker *Dunado* is dressed overall as she lies in the dry dock at South Shields on the River Tyne during the opening of the dock. The ceremony was performed by Mr. K. S. D. Wingfield Digby, M.P., Civil Lord of the Admiralty. The dock, which is the largest of its kind on the north-east coast of England, was built by the London firm of contractors, Messrs. Marples, Ridgway and Partners, for Messrs. Brigham and Cowan, Limited, the owners.

Below—

A FUEL ECONOMY CONTEST: A Triumph T.R.3 car and an Auster J.4 light aeroplane wait at Land's End, in Cornwall, before the start of a unique wager. Meeting with officials by the car are Lord Essendon (extreme right) and Lord Selsdon (second from the right), its drivers, and Mr. H. Best-Devereux, the pilot of the aircraft (second from the left). They were about to decide a £50 stake between the Royal Aero Club and the British Automobile Racing Club regarding which of the two forms of transport would use less petrol over a route from Land's End to John o' Groats and back to Elstree. The car drove through Exeter, Worcester, Preston, Penrith, Carlisle, Stirling and Inverness, and returned south by way of Penrith, Brough, Doncaster, Newark and Hatfield. At the end of its 1,600-mile journey it had used less than 37 gallons at an average of 43 m.p.g. It was a performance in fuel consumption which the aeroplane could not beat owing to bad weather and diversions

WATCH AND WORK: This large site in Knightsbridge, London, is being excavated by Messrs. Taylor Woodrow prior to the erection of a fourteen-storey block of flats. In order to cater for passers-by who like to watch what is going on, the firm has established a special public observation platform. It is seen on the left underneath the tree and above the lorry loaded with earth. The platform not only affords a good view of the work to the passing public, it also prevents spectators from crowding and blocking the entrance to the site.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW: High above the grounds of London's Crystal Palace are workers on the mast of the new television transmitter of the British Broadcasting Corporation. It is 440 ft. high, has double the transmitting power of the previous station here and is already one of the landmark's of this part of the metropolis. By next year a further 200 ft. will have been added to the mast. This will make it one of the most powerful transmitters in the world.

"THE TALISMAN" LEAVES KING'S CROSS FOR THE NORTH: The new British Railways express pulls out of King's Cross on its run to Edinburgh via Newcastle. *On right*—Mr. Percy Heaven, the driver, polishes the nameplate on the engine.

NEW EDINBURGH EXPRESS

"The Talisman" Inaugurates a New Express Service from King's Cross

Drawn by *Falcon*, an A4 Gresley streamlined Pacific engine, *The Talisman* left King's Cross last week to inaugurate the new express service with Edinburgh which has been introduced by British Railways. Keeping to a strict schedule the train covered the 392¾ miles in 6 hours 40 minutes. Unlike the renowned *Coronation* of pre-war days only the engine of the new express is streamlined, the train itself being made up of standard British Railways coaches. The coaches hauled by the *Coronation* were all specially streamlined. Both *Golden Plover* and *Falcon*, the two Pacific engines which alternately haul the express, are nearly twenty years old.

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Publishers' News

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Death Drops the Pilot. . . . By George Bellairs. Scotland Yard's Inspector Littlejohn brings his usual shrewdness to the solving of another murder. (*John Gifford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*)

War in the Air. . . . By Gerald Bowman. A history of the growth of air power from 1914 to the present day, with an assessment of the future. (*Evans.* 16*s.*)

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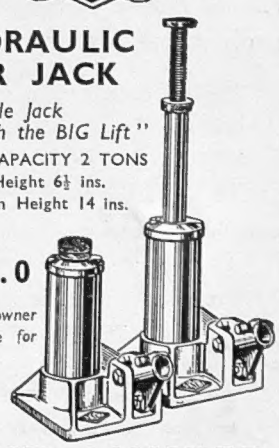

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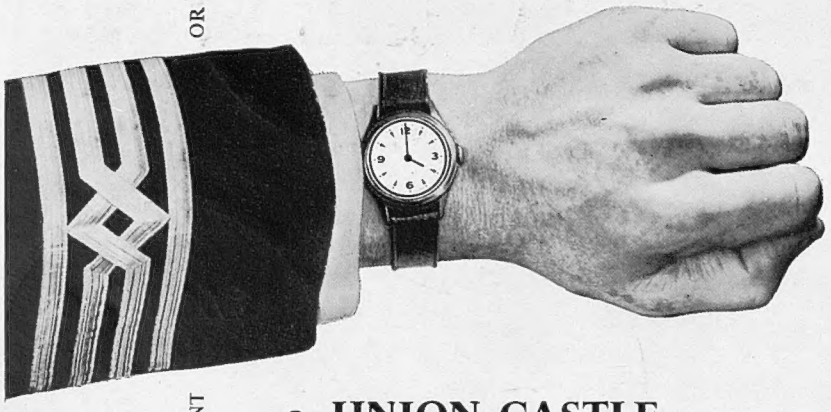

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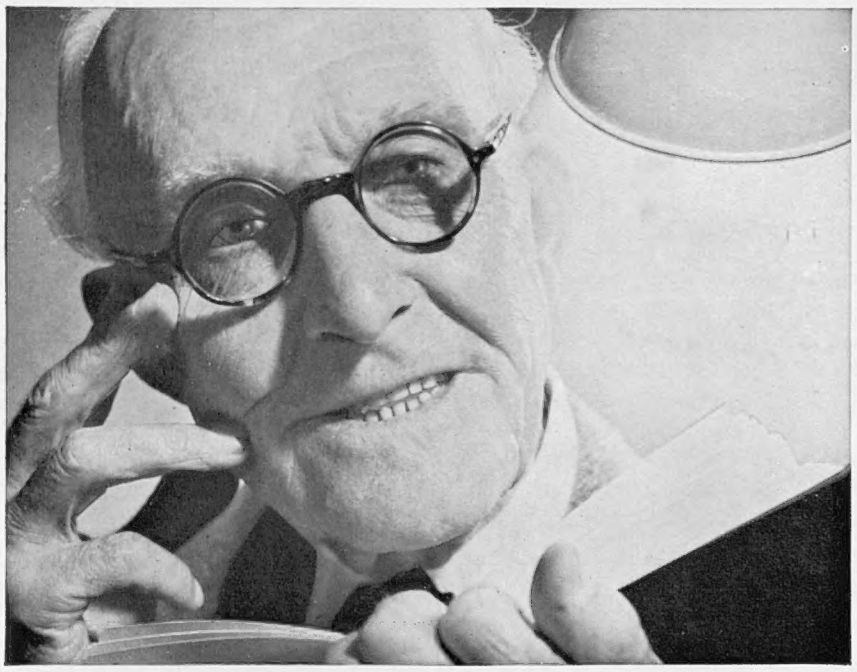

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